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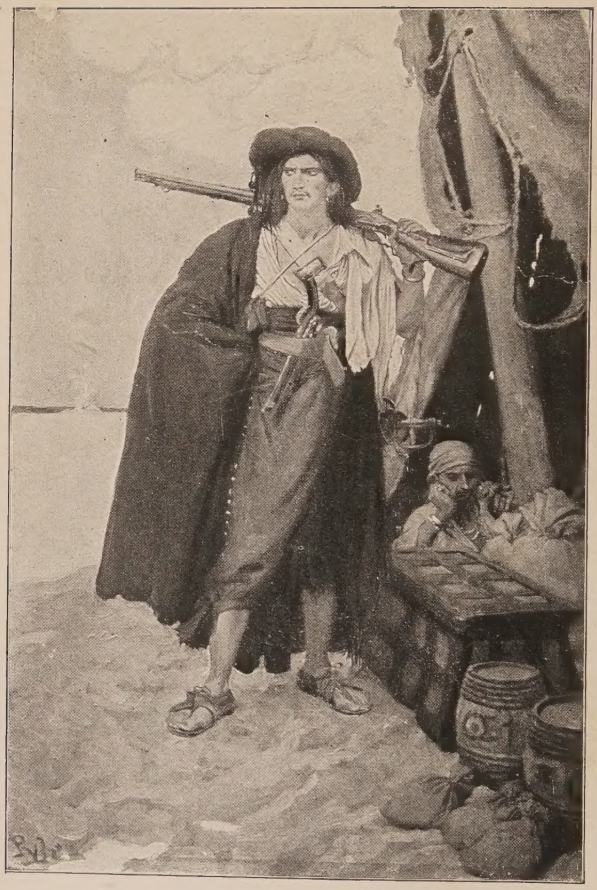

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THE BUCCANEER WAS A PICTURESQUE FELLOW

BOY'S BOOK OF PIRATES

BY
HOWARD PYLE, REAR-ADMIRAL J. H. UPSHUR
PAUL HULL, REGINALD GOURLAY
AND OTHERS

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

The Boys' Library

Illustrated—Jackets Printed in Colors

BOYS' BOOK OF COWBOYS
BOYS' BOOK OF INDIANS
BOYS' BOOK OF PIRATES
BOYS' BOOK OF THE RAILROAD
BOYS' BOOK OF THE SEA
BOYS' BOOK OF THE ARMY
BOYS' BOOK OF THE NAVY

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INTRODUCTION

WHEN we read of the millions of gold which are carried across the Atlantic in the specie-rooms of great steamships, some of us have very likely thought of the lively interest which would have been taken in such treasure-ships by the seventeenth-century buccaneers of the Spanish Main or the Kidds, Blackbeards, Stede Bonnets, and other colonial highwaymen of the sea. But the treasure-ships of today fortunately make their voyages under very different conditions from the Spanish plate-ships which were once filled at Carthagena with gold and silver brought across the Isthmus from South America by way of Panama, which was sacked by that hard-fighting freebooter Henry Morgan.

In this volume of tales from history the wild life of the buccaneers is pictured most vividly by Mr. Howard Pyle. How vast the riches were that were wrested from the New World for the Old is suggested in his graphic sketch of golden galleons hunted by the wolves of the Spanish Main, and in countless legends of

buried treasure. How the French, in 1697, aided by buccaneers, assailed and sacked Carthagena, the eastern treasure-town, is one of the most wonderful tales of that dramatic time. Those wild scenes live again in the thrilling pages of Mr. Pyle. How Panama, the Pacific reservoir of riches, was looted he has told us in his dramatic volume, *Stolen Treasure*. It has a golden history, that Isthmus of Panama, the route for a ceaseless flow of treasure in the palmy days of Spain, and once the highway for the gold of California. In a few years the commerce of Pacific and Atlantic will pass in the great waterway of the Panama Canal near the paths where Spanish soldiers once guarded mule trains loaded down with gold and jewels.

The stories which follow, of New England colonial pirates and a treasure-hunt, are founded upon fact, while the tales of Blackbeard and Misson, the latter a pirate possessed of unexpected virtue, are historic. It is a strange glimpse of colonial conditions along our Atlantic seaboard from New England to Carthagena that one gains from these moving tales of plunderers of the sea.

The second part of this volume offers a series of vivid pictures of the great sea-rovers in the stirring times of Queen Elizabeth and the first James. It is sometimes hard to say where reg-

ular warfare ended and freebooting began, but the wonder of the desperate ventures and reckless bravery of the Elizabethan seamen must stir the blood of every one who reads. In these pages one may follow the swords of Monson, Hawkins, and Drake, and see the destruction of the great Armada. The adventures sketched in this book, therefore, are largely deeds which have shaped the course of history.

Boy's Book of Pirates

I

THE BUCCANEERS

Wolves of the Spanish Main

A FLAMING, tropical sky of abysmal blue, full of the heavy clouds of the torrid zone; a wonderful sea of sapphire and emerald, creaming to white upon coral beaches; huge, mountainous islands, fringed with cocoa-palms and crowned with exotic verdure; stagnant lagoons where the mangroves cover the oozy mud with their dense lush-green foliage, and where a crawling, venomous life moves obscurely beneath the snaky roots. Flaming heat; blazing light; teeming life; redundant color—and death lurking ever hidden in the slime of the rivers. Such is nature's background to the life that one time filled the Spanish Main with the drift that floated in broken fragments from the Old World to the New.

Place here and there in this setting of amazing tropical luxuriance a semi-mediæval Spanish town—walled and fortified, built of stone and cemented with concrete; place in these towns the old-time Spanish life of Charles or Philip, blended with the life of another world; fill the streets and plazas with the figures of cowled priests, armed knights, swaggering soldiers, fair ladies half veiled in mantillas, hidalgos in sober dress of silk or satin, traders, prelates, assassins, Jews, negroes, Indians (a multicolored human fabric wherein shall be woven all sorts and kinds of threads gathered together by fortune or misfortune into the web of a kaleidoscopic life), and you shall behold again an image of the old days when the Spanish Indians were in their glory.

That time there floated upon the bosom of those tropical seas great fleets of slow-sailing galleons, carved, gilded, and painted—and around the fleet there moved protecting war-galleys—crawling, centipede-like, across the face of the water, with oars for legs, while rows of slaves tugged and hauled beneath the cracking whip of the driver, and the captain and his officers sat high up, beneath the awning of the poop, drinking spiced wine and smoking cigarros of tobacco.

It was in such fleets as these that the gathered

wealth of the Indies was drifted across the western seas to Spain, to fill its leaking coffers with a perennial stream from that wonderful New World of hidden mysteries and fabulous, untold treasures.

Perhaps one of the convoys lags from the rest of the fleet. There comes skimming out from behind the fringed headland a lean, low pinnace full of half-naked cutthroats—white, black, and yellow. It swoops down upon the derelict galleon like the kestrel upon the wild goose, and presently the hollow, flaming space of sky and sea is filled with the uproar and tumult of battle—the rattle of musket-shots, the cracks of firelocks and pistols, the detonation of cannon, yells, shrieks, jeers, and curses. Clouds of pungent gunpowder smoke drift down the breeze, dissolving in the hot and reeking air, and under the cloud a crew of pirates swarm headlong over the rail and upon the deck of the galleon and finish what they have begun. Afterwards the silence of the completed work.

So those treasures of gold and silver and pearls and plate were gathered in by Spain, and snatched from her again by the old buccaneers who sailed the Spanish Main.

A lonely island; a long strip of coral sand with combing breakers bursting upon it; a shining mass of treasure poured out upon a sail-

cloth spread upon a beach; a circle of hungry-eyed, wolfish, unshaven, partly clad figures gathered about in the sunlight; the pirate chief standing over the booty—counting, adding, subtracting, parcelling.

So the treasure was divided.

Then the panorama of life shifts again, and you see another sort of town than those Spanish strongholds of stone-work and masonry—a town of thickly clustered houses, built of boards or wattled twigs, besmeared with mud; a network of narrow, filthy streets, each with a kennel down the middle full of stagnant, slimy water; vultures brooding upon the ridge-poles in the sunlight, and a polyglot jabber of half a dozen languages. Such were the buccaneer towns of Port Royal and elsewhere, and there would gather a conglomerate mass of humanity, skimmed from the caldron of the devil's brewing in half a dozen countries of the earth. Here, stewing together in the heat, pirates, priests, money-changers, rumsellers, sailors, landsmen, drink and dice and dance till death grips them and wrings the life out of them.

In such stewpans of iniquity the buccaneers spent the treasure that they looted from the Spaniards.

How incredible the story of the wealth that flowed from the West Indies to Spain in those

old days! It reads like a fairy tale. Half of Europe—and that the richest half—poured its tribute into the treasury of Spain, yet it is estimated that one-third of the imperial revenue came to her from the West Indies.

It has never been told how vast was the treasure that was emptied from the New World into the Old in those days—the glorious days of Spanish dominion. We can only judge of how great it was by collateral evidence. The booties of Cortez and of Pizarro are famous in annals of New World history. In them we have read how the soldiers of the former carried away only a small part of the treasures looted at Mexico, yet were so loaded down with stolen gold that, when they fell from the causeway into the lake in the memorable retreat from Mexico, they sank and drowned as though weighted with plummets of lead. Also we read how Pizarro exacted as a tribute for the liberation of the Inca Atahualpa gold that filled to the depth of several feet a room seventeen feet wide by twenty-two feet long, and which was valued at 1,300,000 pesos d'or—the equivalent of nearly $15,500,000 of our money.

When Drake sailed the South Sea in the *Golden Hind* upon his piratical voyage of circumnavigation in the years 1577-79, and when he captured the *Nuestra Señora della Concep-*

cion (surnamed the *Cacafuego,* or *Spitfire*) off Cape San Francisco, it took three days to transfer the treasure from the captured ship to his own. In that single haul there was realized a "purchase," as it was called, of over twenty-six tons of silver, besides eighty pounds of virgin gold, thirteen chests of pieces of eight containing over a million in money, and an enormous amount of jewels and plate.

Upon the evidence of John Drake we read that when the *Golden Hind* laid her course for England by way of the Cape of Good Hope, she was so heavily "ballasted" with pure silver that she "rode exceedingly deep in the water."

In this connection it may be said that when Captain Drake went down from Plymouth to London to make his peace with the queen because of this and other piracies, he took with him, by way of a peace-offering, a train of seven horses loaded with gold and silver plate and all his most precious jewels.

There is hardly a stretch of twenty miles of coast anywhere along the Spanish Main that does not hold a traditional treasure-ship sunk in three or four fathoms of clear, warm water. That such sunken treasure is not altogether apocryphal the writer can attest, for he himself has seen and handled the sand-worn remnants of gold that are still washed up from such

a wreck upon the white beach of the Bay of Darien—worn fragments of chain, shapeless lumps of bullion, eroded disks of what were one time, perhaps, the doubloons and moidores of Charles or Philip.

Such stories as these are the flotsam and jetsam of fact that have drifted down the current of history from the wreck of the past to us of the present; they indicate to us some idea of the vast treasure that one time poured into Spain from the wonderful New World of two or three hundred years ago.

Let there be given a condition of human society in which there is no law; and given a boundless, incredible wealth of silver and gold to be had for the taking, with no more cost than a few human lives, a little blood, and maybe some smarting wounds, and the result is to be expected.

Certain masterful men arose who taught the cattle-thieves of Tortuga and Hispaniola how easy and profitable it was to turn pirate and rob the Spaniard, and thenceforth no plate-ship was safe from the buccaneers. All that was needed for such an occasion was a good serviceable pinnace, a muskuet, a bandoleer of cartridges—these and maybe the accompaniment of a sword and a dagger, and the outfit was complete. If the venture was fortunate you came

back with your pockets full of money and nothing to do but to spend it, with no thoughts of the morrow; for there was plenty more to be had when this was gone. So the buccaneers came into the field, and thenceforth the treasure from the West had to be carried to Spain in the great plate-fleets before spoken of, guarded by war-galleys.

The accumulated treasure thus shipped by fleet to Spain was first gathered into certain fortified strongholds, where it was held for trans-shipment. These reservoirs of treasure were two strongly walled and fortified cities commanding safe and ample harborage and guarded by armies of soldiers. One of these treasure-cities lay upon the west and the other upon the east of the dividing isthmus that stretches between the two oceans. The western reservoir was the old city of Panama; the eastern reservoir was the great fortified city of Carthagena—the Queen of the Indies.

The ingathered wealth of the south seas was brought first of all to Panama. Then it was transported upon muleback and under strong guard of well-armed troops across the rocky passes of the mountainous isthmus, to the fortress of Porto Bello, near the mouth of the Chagres River. From Porto Bello it was shipped to Carthagena, within whose huge

walls, defended by ample fortifications, it was believed to be safe from all assault.

At Carthagena the great plate-fleets were made up, and, under convoy of large, well-armed war-vessels, sailed, richly laden, for Spain.

The situation at Carthagena, singularly well chosen for defense, was an island, connected with the mainland only by fortified bridges and causeways. Before it lay an inner harbor so ample that all the fleets of Spain could easily have found anchorage therein. Beyond this harbor lay an outer harbor, and between them was a narrow pass of water called the Boca Chica—a slender, tortuous channel through which the tide ran in and out with a torrential rapidity at every flow and ebb. This pass was defended by two fortresses of stone built after the best plans of fortifications of the day. The outer harbor was connected with the open sea by a wider pass called the Boca Grande, the channel of which was commanded by a fortress equally strong with the fortresses of the Boca Chica.

The town itself was heavily walled with massive stone masonry, which stands today as it has stood, in defiance of the weather, through all the centuries that have passed.

Such was the fortress of Carthagena. Its de-

fences are said to have cost about $30,000,000, which according to our modern computation of money, would probably read $300,000,000, if the usual equation of ten to one be accepted.

So Carthagena was thought to be impregnable to assault, and so the Spanish treasure poured into its vaults for safety.

Then came the war betwixt France and Spain, and the year of grace 1697.

At this time the buccaneers of Hispaniola and Tortuga were in the height of their power. They had had great leaders and great success under those leaders. They had long since lost their original and distinctive characteristic of cattle-killers, and now, after two or three decades of piracy, had come to be very expert at that other trade in which money was to be got more easily and in greater abundance than by shooting wild cattle and drying their flesh.

The buccaneer was a picturesque fellow when you regard him from this long distance away. He belonged to no country and recognized no kith or kin or human nationality. He spent his money like a prince, and was very well satisfied to live rapidly, even in so doing his death should come upon him with equal celerity. He clothed himself in a picturesque medley of rags, tatters, and finery. He loved gold

and silver ornaments—ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets, chains—and he ornamented himself profusely with such gewgaws. He affected a great deal of finery of a sort—a tattered shirt or even a bare skin mattered not very much to him provided he was able to hide his semi-nakedness beneath such finery as a velvet cloak or a sash of scarlet silk; patched breeches were not regarded when he had a fine leather belt with a silver buckle and a good sword hanging to it. And always there were a long-barrelled pistol or two and a good, handy knife stuck in a waist-belt with which to command respect.

Such was the buccaneer of the seventeenth century.

II

THE FATE OF A TREASURE TOWN

How Carthagena Fell

IN the latter part of the year 1696— perhaps about the Christmas season—it began to be rumored among the buccaneers of Hispaniola that a great expedition was about to be undertaken by private French interests and with the knowledge of the French government, against some one of the principal Spanish treasure-towns. It was not said just what town was to be attacked, but it was thought to be Santo Domingo.

By-and-by the rumor became a fact, and it was known that the commander or general of the expedition was to be M. le Baron de Pointis, an officer high in the French marine service. M. de Pointis was to come with a large fleet from France and the command of a small army of adventurers, with a sprinkling of regular troops.

Then came a call from M. de Casse, the gov-

ernor of Hispaniola, for volunteers for the expedition.

One can imagine the hubbub that followed among the buccaneers and the colonists. It was a new experience to go a-pirating in an expedition under sanction of the law. So recruits poured in, and were enrolled as fast as they arrived. And it was not under the name of buccaneers they enlisted. Henceforth they were called "filibusters"—for, after all, there is a great deal in a name.

So came March in the year 1697, and one day the fleet of M. de Pointis approached the Cape of François and dropped anchor, and he and M. de Casse met together in consultation as to ways and means.

At first the filibusters were on the *qui vive* to meet their general from France, but when they met him they were not pleased with him. They were used to a captain who would clap one upon the back and who was not above taking a drink with you upon occasion. M. de Pointis was a very different sort from this; he was proud and haughty and distant in his civilities—even if he could be said to be civil at all. And all the officers and all the gentlemen adventurers that he brought with him from France were equally unsocial in their habits.

So from the very beginning there quickly

grew to be two distinct parties in the expedition: the filibusters, who blustered noisily, swore a great deal, and drank without limit; and the officers and adventurers, who ignored the filibusters with a remote indifference.

However, thanks perhaps to M. de Casse, terms of agreement were drawn up and signed by the governor and the general. By virtue of this paper the fiilibusters were to share equally in the profits of the expedition with the French adventurers—a tenth part of the first million and the thirtieth part of the succeeding millions going to those actively engaged in the undertaking; the balance going to the patrons of the expedition at home. Thereupon, all being arranged, they went aboard, hoisted anchor, and set sail, laying their course for the southwest. And thereupon it was unknown that Carthagena was the objective of the expedition—Carthagena, the impregnable fortress, the Queen of the Indies!

The fleet arrived off Carthagena on the 13th of April; on the 15th the filibusters were tumbled ashore through a heavy surf that capsized many of the boats and nearly drowned some of the adventurers.

They were then set to capture a high hill that stood a mile or so to the east of the city. On this mount, five or six hundred feet high, stands the

fine church of Nuestra Señora de la Poupa, and the elevation commanded the avenues and approaches of the land side of the city. The object of seizing this advantageous position was to prevent the victualling of the city, and incidentally to prevent the inhabitants from carrying away any of the treasure therein gathered.

This was supposed to be the most dangerous and arduous part of the expedition, and the filibusters were not a little affronted that M. de Pointis should have laid the entire burden of peril upon them so as to save his own men. However, the filibusters went about their work with their usual dash—and, after all, the danger amounted to nothing, for they took the hill handily enough upon the 17th, and without the loss of a single man.

Meantime the fleet sailed around into the harbor, passed the defences of the Boca Grande, and began bombarding the forts of the Boca Chica. Here the Spaniards defended themselves only for a single day. Upon the 16th they surrendered at discretion, and the fleet sailed into the inner harbor.

On the 3d of May the "impregnable" city of Carthagena, the Queen of the West Indies, the glory of Spain in the Western World, surrendered after a siege of only eighteen days, and apparently with little or no loss upon either

side. The conditions of surrender were as follows:

1. That all public effects and office accounts should be delivered to the captors.

2. That merchants should produce their books and deliver up all money and effects held by them for their correspondents.

3. That every inhabitant should be at liberty to leave the city or to remain, as he chose; and those who left should first deliver up all their property to the captors; that those who remained should declare, under penalty of entire confiscation, all the gold, silver, and jewels in their possession; that one half of this property so declared should be given up to the French, but that the other half should remain in the possession of the owners, and that thereafter they should be protected as subjects of France.

In the face of such conditions one feels sorry for the poor inhabitants of Carthagena, but, at the same time, there is an element of the grotesque in the idea that the well-victualled, strongly walled, and thoroughly fortified city, whose defences cost what in our days would be equal to the sum of $300,000,000, should have surrendered after a siege of only eighteen days to a rag-tag army of cattle-hunters, colonists, needy adventurers, and a scattered handful of

regular troops such as M. de Pointis commanded.

M. de Pointis began the important business of collecting his tribute.

In the first place he assembled the superiors of the convents and religious houses, telling them that churches and church property would be respected, but that they must give up all the money in their possession. Next he appointed M. de Casse as governor of the city to keep order while he did his work. Thirdly, he served notice that, upon pain of death, no filibuster or soldier should enter any house for the purpose of private pillage. Finally he proclaimed that all buried treasure should be confiscated *in toto,* and that any one who would give information leading to the discovery of such treasure should have a tenth part therof as reward.

The result of this last proclamation was immediate. "The hope," says the records of the affair, "of receiving a part, with the fear of bad neighbors and false friends, induced the inhabitants to be exceedingly forward in disclosing their riches, and Talleul, who was charged with receiving the treasure, was not able to weigh the plate and money fast enough."

It was all done in a very business-like fashion. As the golden harvest poured in, the treasure was packed in boxes, sealed, and sent aboard

the men-of-war of the fleet—and no one knew how much was being gathered but M. de Pointis and Talleul.

For a while the filibusters looked on, apparently without grasping the full significance of what was happening; then it began to dawn upon them to wonder how much of this treasure being packed so snugly on board the men-of-war would ever find its way back again into their pockets. After a while they began to grumble; then they began to growl; then they began to roar aloud with impotent rage. But M. de Pointis was master of the situation.

After a while M. de Casse himself awoke to the anxieties of the situation. He went to M. de Pointis, and asked, upon behalf of the filibusters, for some statement of the amount that was being collected. The general received him very coolly. "M. de Pointis," says the record, "was desirous that he would not be at any trouble on that head." At this, as might be expected, loud and angry words passed back and forth betwixt the governor and the general. At the end of the controversy, M. de Casse withdrew in a huff and went off and shut himself up in a house in the suburbs. He could not very well have followed any plan of procedure that would better have fitted the wishes of M. de Pointis. Thenceforth the general collected his

treasure *en masse,* and that at a great rate—hand over hand without meddlesome interference from anybody.

One can imagine the feelings of the filibusters at thus beholding their golden opportunity melting away before their very eyes. Nothing remained but to take a hand in the business themselves. Singly, at first, then in groups of two or three, then in parties of a dozen or more, they began a systematic looting of whatever M. de Pointis left, or had not yet got hold of. The inhabitants, terrified by the danger of sack and ruin that menaced them, came to M. de Pointis, beseeching protection, but he was powerless to give them aid. We read in the records of this affair that the inhabitants resorted to the remarkable expedient of hiring some of the filibusters themselves to defend houses and property against others of their own company.

Meantime this new phase of the situation seriously interfered with M. de Pointis's business of collection, and he set himself in earnest to devise some means of abolishing the annoyance.

Suddenly there came a report that ten thousand Indians were approaching the town from the mainland under Spanish leadership, with intent to lift the siege. The filibusters were ordered out to meet them as being better used to

trailing the tropical forest than the French adventurers.

They were gone for three or four days, but saw nor hide nor hair of a single Indian. Then they marched back again to Carthegena, to find the gates of the city shut against them and well guarded by the few regular troops of the expedition and by cannon from the fleet.

So they sat down without the gates for fifteen days, cursing, swearing, and kicking their heels. Meanwhile M. de Pointis went on with his business of gathering his golden harvest in peace and quietness. Day after day chests and boxes of gold and silver treasure went on board the war-vessels and were stowed away in safety, and the filibusters beheld it all, roaring with impotent wrath. At one time there was some question among them of attempting an attack upon the flag-ship (the *Sceptre,* of eighty-four guns), with the intention of reimbursing themselves from the treasure that had been taken aboard of her. But they thought better of that adventure when cooler considerations came to them. So they were obliged to content themselves with sitting outside the gates and swearing a vengeance which they had no means of executing.

By the 25th day of May M. de Pointis's business was finished, and orders were given to em-

bark with as little delay as possible; for news had come that a Dutch and English fleet was approaching. Further orders were issued to the filibusters that they should embark in their own vessels and be sure and keep with the rest of the fleet—if they could.

At this point M. de Casse sent two of his principal officers to the general to demand that he should make a statement of the share of the booty that was to come to the filibusters. But by this time M. de Pointis had gone aboard the *Sceptre,* where he was safe, and whence he sent word to the officers of the governor that he was ill and could not see them, but that the share of the booty due to the governor and the filibusters was 40,000 crowns, and that he sent his compliments to M. de Casse, and hoped that he would be well satisfied with the result.

That night the French fleet slipped its moorings and sailed away, and the filibusters were left to shift for themselves, raging at being robbed of their fair share of the adventure.

M. de Casse counselled patience, and said that as soon as might be he would take the matter in hand and appeal to the French Admiralty Courts. This counsel, however, does not seem to have been at all palatable to the filibusters, who, perhaps, had no great appetite for a taste of the law. So they suggested a better plan—

that they re-enter Carthagena and squeeze from it what M. de Pointis had left.

M. de Casse, who was, after all, a royal governor, deprecated any such plan, but the matter was no longer in his own control, for the filibusters, since M. de Pointis had left, were masters of the situation. So, on the 1st of June, M. de Casse sailed away to Hispaniola, and the filibusters were left to shift for themselves.

There they were in front of Carthagena, hardly a stiver the better for their adventure, but with the town still left from which to help themselves.

So the filibusters returned to the city, which now lay entirely at their mercy, without even the dim shadow of M. de Casse's authority as a protection. What followed need not be written in full; what they did may better be imagined than told. It is not said how long they remained, but it was long enough to hunt every odd corner for remnants of treasure that had been left behind. It is said that they even dug up the graves in their search. In the end, hearing further news of the approach of the Dutch and English fleet, they demanded a payment of 5,000,000 livres (about $1,000,000) as the price of their departure without burning the town—and, incredible as it may sound, they got their price.

Then came news, brought by a pinnace, that the van of the Dutch-English fleet was in sight, and it was up anchor and away, scattering hither and thither as best they might. The war-vessels pursued them; some of the filibuster-ships were captured, and some were sunk, but the greater part of them escaped in safety to Hispaniola.

So fell Carthagena, the Pride of the Indies, and it never rose again even as a shadow of its one-time glory. The pride and power of Spain had already crumbled, and with them had crumbled the pride and power of their dependencies. Ichabod was written upon the walls of the Queen of the Indies, and now, in the place of that old-time life that once marched in mimic pomp of splendid Spain through its narrow streets, there dwells a mongrel race of half-breeds impotent to lift itself above the lowermost strata of civilization and progress; now, instead of storehouses and treasure-houses filled with merchandise and rich with treasure-plate of silver and gold, are empty walls and hollow vaults. For already tottering upon its pedestal, the filibusters delivered the last thrust that flung it headlong to the ground to crumble into fragments that shall never again be endowed with the glory of its former life.

And how much treasure did M. de Pointis and the filibusters squeeze from that Spanish treasure-town? There are no records, but one may approximate.

For, after all, suit was instituted in the Admiralty Courts of France against the general and the adventurers, as M. de Casse promised should be done. At the end of the intricate law proceedings a decree was obtained in favor of the filibusters for 1,400,000 livres. To be sure, all of this or nearly all of this was swallowed up in lawyers' fees, but still it stands as a record from which one may roughly estimate how great was the booty obtained in those twenty-one days.

Allowing the million and a half of livres to be one-half of the total sum that fell to the share of the adventurers, allowing that this in accordance with the terms of agreement was one-thirtieth of the treasure taken, allowing for distortions of accounts, and adding to it all the 5,000,000 crowns the filibusters had wrung from the Spaniards after de Pointis had left them, we have, as a very conservative estimate, that the booty amounted to upward of 100,000,000 livres (about $20,000,000).

Allowing a proportion of ten to one in the value of money of that day and our own, and the prize of M. de Pointis according to present-

day measurements of value would not have varied far from 1,000,000,000 livres (about $200,000,000) in our time.

So fell the treasure-town of Spain in the West Indies.

III

CAPTURED BY PIRATES

A New England Boy's Adventure with Captain Low

I AM going to tell you a sea story, a true story, of an adventure of nearly two hundred years ago, when my great-great-grandfather, after whom I am named, was an apprentice on board of the fishing-sloop *Bonito,* belonging to the port of Boston, in Massachusetts. In those times the entire Atlantic coast and the West Indies were infested with pirates, the most cruel and notorious among whom was one by the name of Ned Low, a native of New England.

One summer afternoon in the year 1720 the *Bonito* was riding to a small anchor off Halfway Rock, which is just outside the harbor of Marblehead—an Eastern port famous in these days as the headquarters of the great yacht-club that takes its name from the locality. The sloop had made a goodly catch of rock-cod, and was about to sail for home, when a brig was observed to round the point of high land which

acts as a natural breakwater for the harbor of Marblehead, and steer a course that promised to carry her close to the sloop. To all appearances the former was a peaceful trader, and the numerous guns of a caliber large for those days did not offer occasion for alarm, as it was usual for merchant-ships to be provided with batteries as a means of defence against pirates and other foes.

When the brig had drifted down close to the sloop she lowered a boat, and remained hove to while it pulled in the direction of the fisherman. Thinking that the brig's captain had sent to purchase a mess of fish, no suspicion was entertained when the half-dozen seamen rowed alongside. The instant, however, that the deck was gained they drew pistols, and ordered the crew into their boat. Resistance being useless, the three men and the boy obeyed the order, and were speedily conveyed to the brig. No sooner did they set foot on her decks than the character of the vessel was plainly read in the villanous countenances of the crew, and the finery and arms of various descriptions with which their persons were adorned. A tall figure was walking the high poop of the pirate, dressed in a gorgeous green velvet coat ornamented with gold lace and buttons of precious metal. Buff trousers clasped with diamond buckles; silk

stockings and fancy-colored boots with wide tops which fell in graceful folds just below the knee; a wide-brimmed hat of true buccaneer pattern overhanging a handsome and powerful face, and adding a shadow to skin made swarthy by long exposure to wind and weather; a long, thin nose slightly hooked; a determined jaw; piercing gray eyes and a luxuriant mustache which did not fully conceal the cruel curves of the delicately cut mouth—these were the striking features of the pirate chief whose name has been already mentioned.

After a short time, Captain Low addressed the new-comers, informing them that they could have the option of either signing the articles of the ship or being pitched overboard with a weight at their feet. The master of the *Bonito* attempted to argue, but was cut short by being told that he was not given permission to talk; that if he tried any further remonstration it would be a signal for him to be sent after his boat, which, having been brought alongside and relieved of its cargo, had been sent adrift with a big hole in its bottom. In order to save their lives, the three men signed the agreement whereby they bound themselves to fight, steal, and murder under the command of the pirate captain; but when my great-great-grandfather was told to put his name to the contract he

resolutely refused, saying that he would sooner be killed than become a pirate. The captain laughed at him at first, claiming that he was a brave boy, and would soon learn to cut a throat in an artistic way and become a respectable pirate; that when the gold pieces and jewels were being distributed he would be as greedy for his share as any one on board. To all the chief's coaxing he turned a deaf ear, and held out against putting his name to such a wicked paper. His stubbornness at last enraged the captain to such an extent that he struck him over the head with the butt end of one of his pistols, knocking him senseless to the deck.

When Paul opened his eyes he found himself lying close to the bulwarks between two of the guns, where he had been tossed by one of the pirates to get him out of the way of the crew as they moved about the deck. It was now late in the day, and looking through one of the ports, he saw with a sorrowful heart that they were on the ocean and that the land had disappeared. Shortly after this the captain again asked him to sign, and being again refused, he ordered him to be confined below until his stubbornness wore away. Here, in the dismal hold of the brig, without food or water, and overrun at times by the rats as they scampered over the flooring, the boy passed the long, weary night. When the

early morning came the cover of the little booby-hatch was slid back and the brig's cook, a savage, burly negro, descended into the hold to chop kindlings for his fire. Paul chanced to be sitting on a section of log that the sable individual took a fancy to, so without saying a word he politely kicked the boy away and was about to break it up with an axe, which was stuck into the big keelson, when an idea came to him that he was too big and strong to work, so he pitched the instrument to the young captive, saying:

"Come hyar, yo' boy, an' split de wood; wha' fo' yo' sit still an' see gem'men work?"

Paul took the axe, and soon broke up enough wood to satisfy the negro, who departed with the remark:

"Dat's all yo' good fo', yo' brat ob a chile. Now chop plenty mo', an' I won't kick yo' when I come down 'gain."

Shortly after this, fierce commands and a hurried trampling of feet overhead convinced Paul that something unusually exciting was taking place. Next, the booming of cannon but a short distance away was answered by rapid discharges of the guns on deck, accompanied by the sound of splintering wood and the curses and shrieks of the pirate crew. Suddenly a slight shock was felt, and a stream of light poured into the hold. A cannon-ball had en-

tered just under the deck, and passed out on the opposite side a little lower down.

By means of the cook's kindling-logs Paul climbed high enough to look out through the splintered timbers. About an eighth of a mile away, sweeping after the pirate with every sail set and the English flag flying from her gaff, was a small man-of-war—so small, in fact, that Paul's sudden glow of joy at the thoughts of rescue was immediately followed by a chill of disappointment and fear, for he knew the vessel on which he was a prisoner to be superior in size to the ship of George I., and he remembered that on the preceding day, when he had been brought on board, he had counted enough guns to far outnumber those plainly to be seen on the King's cruiser.

The thought of their own superiority seemed all at once to suggest itself to the pirate captain, for, instead of continuing his fight, he shortened sail with the intention of having a pitched battle with his antagonists. The commander of the man-of-war was as brave as the other was desperate, for he too reduced his canvas and ranged alongside, continuing to pour in his broadsides as quickly as the guns could be served. All at once a cry of exultation burst from the fiends on deck, and Paul saw the foremast of the cruiser pitch overboard and leave

her a helpless hulk to be battered to pieces by her relentless foes. The pirates at once drew ahead, and crossed the bows of their enemy so as to rake her. On board the latter heroic exertions were made to clear away the wreck and bring her bow guns to bear upon the vessel from whose mast-head fluttered the sinister flag.

An inspiration came to Paul. Mounting the ladder, he tried the hatch slide and found it unlocked. Descending, he seized the axe, and fell to work low down upon the side of the vessel between the frames. The bombardment and trampling on deck drowned the noise made by chopping into the planking, and after a few minutes he succeeded in hacking three of the timbers so thin in places that little jets of water penetrated into the hold; then stepping to one side, so that he would not be overwhelmed by the inpour, he struck the weakened planks each a heavy blow with the back of the axe, commencing with the one lowest down, and in an instant a great volume of water with a fierce roar surged into the brig. Paul retreated to the short ladder that led to the deck, and watched with awe the water rushing in.

Between the two vessels the fight went stubbornly on, for the man-of-war's men knew that no quarter was to be expected, and that it was better to die at their guns rather than to suffer

a more ignoble end at the hands of their blood-thirsty foes.

The water was half-way up the ladder before the pirates realized that their vessel was sinking. The shouts of the officers directing the men to man the pumps could be heard above the din, and a moment afterwards the quick clank, clank of the pump brakes gave evidence that the crew were endeavoring to free their vessel. Despite their exertions, Paul could see that the water was growing higher at an alarming rate, as the brig had now settled sufficiently low to bring some of the shot-holes even with the sea.

The fact that their ship was doomed soon dawned upon the crew. The captain's voice was heard ordering:

"Lower the boats. The cruiser isn't able to chase us, and we can get away!"

On board the man-of-war they had detected the condition of the pirate, as their cries of satisfaction testified. Paul heard the boats splash into the water, and the mad rush to leave the ship; then all was still, except the gurgling and boiling of the water that now lapped close to his feet. After waiting a moment longer the young hero pushed back the hatch slide and looked out, but except for several dead and dying men, who had lately fought under the black flag, the ship appeared to be deserted. Jumping

out on deck, Paul ran to the railing and saw, a short distance away, three boats filled with the pirates, who had hoisted lug-sails, and were speedily widening the distance between them and the cruiser, which had drifted about a quarter of a mile to leeward. Mounting the poop-ladder, Paul got hold of the signal halyards and hauled down the hateful piece of bunting. While thus engaged, the crew of the *Bonito* suddenly made their appearance from beneath the poop, where they had hidden when the pirates rushed for the boats. Joyful, indeed, were the greetings exchanged between the three seamen and the boy, and after the latter had told them how he had scuttled the brig to save the man-of-war and secure their own release, their admiration for the daring lad knew no bounds.

As soon as the pirates deserted their ship the cruiser lowered a boat, which was pulled for the brig. It now ran alongside, and none too soon, for the vessel was in the last throes, staggering and lurching like a drunken person. Before the boat had gained a hundred yards on its return, the pirate-ship swayed once or twice from side to side, then slowly and gracefully sank, her masts remaining upright until the wind-vane at the mast-head reached the level of the water and fluttered its good-bye. Paul became a hero on

the cruiser, which made temporary repairs and sailed into the port of Boston several days later. The notorious pirate captain and his evil crew escaped to continue for a number of years their unholy calling, but at last the red-handed chief was captured and hung in chains on the rocks where Execution Lighthouse stands at the entrance to Long Island Sound.

IV

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE

Captain Sterling's Quest in the Spanish Main

"RALPH," said Grandfather Sterling, one hot August morning, looking over the veranda rail to where the boy was stretched full length upon the lawn, "did I ever tell you about the time that I went hunting for a treasure that had been buried by a pirate on one of the islands in the West Indies?"

The lad came bounding up the steps in delight, for there was no greater treat to him than one of the old sea-captain's stories concerning the long and adventurous life that he had led from the time of his first voyage as cabin-boy until his retirement from the sea about two years before.

"No, indeed, grandpop, and it will be jolly, I'm sure. Please fill up your pipe, so that you won't have to stop just when you get to the most exciting part. Here's your box of matches; and now, as you often say, 'let the reel hum.' "

Captain Sterling smiled affectionately into

the eager face upturned to his, and commenced his story:

"It was when I was second mate of a brig called the *Nellie,* a good many years ago, that this yarn really begins. We were homeward bound from Brazil, with a cargo of coffee, when the yellow fever broke out on board. First the captain sickened and died, then in order followed our first mate, leaving me in command. Next the oldest member of our crew was struck down, and to give him a chance for his life, as well as to humor the wishes of the men, I had him taken out of the dark, hot forecastle and brought aft into one of the spare staterooms in the cabin. Here I nursed him as well as I could; but although the fever broke after the third day, it left him so weak that he could not rally, and his end was hastened on account of his not being able to retain the slightest nourishment. He seemed to be very grateful for my care. On the afternoon of the fifth day of his sickness he said to me that he knew his end was near, and that he wished to show his gratitude while there was yet time. In his chest in the forecastle, he stated that there was a leather wallet, which I was to get and give to him. I did as he requested. He took from it a sheet of paper, on which was rudely sketched the outline of an island, with a compass showing the

cardinal points. On the western side of this island there was an indentation resembling a bay having a very narrow entrance from the sea, and in about the middle of the sketch there was a small circle, about west of which a cross was marked.

"'Take this,' he said to me, 'and listen to what I say. This is a chart of a little island known as San Juan, in the Windward Islands, West Indies. You will see that I have given its latitude and longitude. Twenty years ago I was one of the officers of the pirate-schooner *Don Pedro*. We went on shore at San Juan to divide the contents of the treasure-chest and to carouse. During the night, when all others were sleeping, I stole away to the spring, which is shown by the circle on the chart, and buried my share of the treasure—nearly ten thousand dollars in gold—three feet in the sand. I dug the hole right in the wake of the rising moon, with the spring between it and me. Go to the island, count fifty paces west of the spring, and dig.'

"'But,' I said to him, 'how do you know but what the money was found years ago?'

"'The island is uninhabited, and no one but myself ever knew that I had hidden it there. Two weeks after that the *Don Pedro* was captured. They hung the captain, and imprisoned

the rest of us for life. One year ago I escaped. Since that time I have been waiting for a chance to recover my treasure. I intended to use the wages made on this voyage to buy passage to St. Croix, which is the nearest inhabited island to San Juan, and then by some means reach the place where my gold is safely hidden. The money is yours now, and I want you to take it as a gift from me for your kindness.'

"Later on, when I visited his room, he was resting peacefully, with a little ivory crucifix pressed against his cold white lips. The spirit of the pirate had sailed on its last voyage, across the sea of eternity.

"Three weeks later, I carried the *Nellie* into the harbor of New York, and received a handsome present in money from the owners for my services, with which I bought a passage on a sailing-vessel, known as the *Dart,* bound to St. Croix, and reached that place after on uneventful voyage.

"During our trip I stated to the captain that my business was to look after the interests of an acquaintance, and that I hoped to have them attended to in advance of the time that the vessel was to sail, so that I might return in her. I volunteered the same explanation at the house where where I secured board, and then found myself at liberty to go and come without arous-

ing interest in my movements. Having an object to gain, I made it a point of keeping up very friendly relations with the captain of the *Dart,* several times inviting him to dine with me, and showing him many other courtesies, which he responded to by having me as a guest at his table on board whenever I could make it convenient to visit his vessel. One evening, as we sat under the quarter-deck awning enjoying our Havanas, I said, carelessly:

"'Captain, I've been thinking that I would like to hire your long-boat for the time we shall be here. Being fitted with lug-sails, she can easily be handled by one man, and I would enjoy running about the harbor in her, and even making little trips along shore when I have nothing else to do.'

"'You can have her and welcome,' he said. 'Don't say a word about pay. As long as you will return her all right you can use her to your heart's content. I will get her overboard in the morning, and have her put in shape for you.'

"The next day I made a trial spin in the boat, and found her all that a sailor could wish for in the way of speed and sea-going qualities. The pirate's island was something less than sixty miles away, and I knew that in the constant trade-winds that I had to count upon to give me

a fair breeze there and back, I should be able to reach it in about ten hours.

"During the next two or three days I made several short excursions along the coast, gradually paving the way for the dash I had in view. At last the day arrived when I determined to stretch away for the little coral island below the horizon. In the early morning I left the house, carrying a valise in which were food sufficient for my anticipated needs, a large garden trowel, and a boat compass that I had brought from the States. Folded in the pocket of my coat I carried a chart of the Windward Islands, and with this equipment I stepped on board, hoisted the two jib-headed sails, and started on my voyage.

"Hour after hour I was swept swiftly onward over the wind-whipped waves, holding the brave little vessel steadily to her course. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon that I lifted the island into sight, bearing directly ahead, and an hour later found me sailing through the narrow inlet which the pirate had laid down on his chart. I ran the boat head on to the sandy beach, securing her painter to one of the several stunted palm-trees that grew in a bunch close to the water. The island was not much more than a mile in circumference, and was impoverished in the matter of vegetation, although the cactus-

plant showed here and there, and a few cocoa-nut-trees with a fringe of sickly scrub under-brush occupied the centre of this otherwise barren island. I reasoned that the site of the spring must be found within the little grove; so, providing myself with the trowel and compass, I made my way towards it.

"From the time that I had first become familiar with the pirate's secret up to the hour when I landed on the island my head had been perfectly cool and my nerves tranquil; but now, as I approached the spot that I had travelled two thousand miles to find, I grew dizzy, and my limbs trembled, so that I was obliged to throw myself on the sand to rest for a few minutes and to force a return of my self-control. Then I arose and stepped within the circle of the little oasis.

"If there had been a spring there twenty years before, it had dried up in the interval, although a bowl-shaped hollow in the soil possibly showed where the water had once oozed through the sand.

"I asked myself if I had not been too credulous in pinning my faith to a pirate's wild tale. Had I been chasing a rainbow? Had I spent hard-earned savings and wasted several months' time on a wild-goose errand? Such thoughts made me sick at heart and half desperate. I

placed my compass on the ground, carefully measured fifty paces due west of what I was forced to consider the site of the old spring, and fell to digging with my trowel.

"At the depth of about three feet I struck coral; then I commenced a trench running north and south, and dug away for an hour, meeting with nothing but fine white sand and the coral foundation. Hope almost deserted me. Looking at the sun, I saw that it was almost touching the horizon-line, and knew that in a short time darkness would fall—for there is no twilight in the tropics. I dropped my trowel, and sat down on the edge of the hole that had promised so much in the beginning. As I gave loose rein to my bitter thoughts I savagely kicked the toe of my boot into the sandy wall of the opposite side of the pit.

"Was I dreaming? Had disappointment turned my brain, or had I really heard the clink of metal? I held my breath and again drove my boot heavily against the wall.

"A piece of the soil fell into the pit, and out of the hole that it left a golden waterfall poured down with a merry, maddening *clink, clink, clink;* and there I sat, motionless, fascinated, while the treasure ran over my feet and literally hid them from sight. Then my senses partly returned to me, and I dragged my boots out of

the gold and jumped and shouted in a delirium of joy.

"It was no myth, after all, for the thousands so secretly hidden away by the pirate looked upon the light of day for the first time in twenty years, and as I gazed down at the golden heap I realized that it was mine—all mine!

"The sun went down and the deep shadows fell on the sea and land as I sat gloating like a miser over my riches. I slept in the ditch that night lest during my absence my fortune should be spirited away, and when morning came I stowed the gold in the valise that I had brought from the boat, then dug into the pocket from which it had flowed, to discover that it yet contained a few scattered pieces and the rotten remnants of the canvas bag in which it had been buried.

"I set sail with my precious freight, and late that afternoon I reached St. Croix, where I pottered about the boat until nightfall; then, under cover of the darkness, I carried the valise to my room on shore and stowed it in my sea-chest.

"Such is the story of one of the few successful treasure-hunts. I returned to New York in the *Dart,* and used the little fortune that had come to me to purchase a captain's interest in a fine vessel."

V

THE TRUE STORY OF BLACK-BEARD

A Strange Page of History

OUR colonists had many difficulties to contend with when they laid the firm foundations of this mighty republic. We all know how they were harassed by the savages, who lurked in the forests, bursting forth at midnight with the terrible warwhoop, and carrying fire and slaughter to many a quiet home. But we hear less of the savages who beset the colonies from the sea, not only attacking the commerce on which the colonists depended, but often making bloody descents on the coast. I am refering to the banded pirates called buccaneers, who at one time were almost as great as scourge to our seaboard States as the Indians.

From Maine to Florida the fleets of these ocean pests carried the black flag, with its blood-red cross-bones and skull, robbing and murdering like demons incarnate. The Indians had some reason for their hatred of the white man,

and the romance which has woven itself around their history is by no means causeless. But the buccaneers, originally civilized men, had fallen to be the enemies of mankind, and the only reason for accounting for the romance attached to the names of such men as Kidd[1] or Morgan[2] must be because of the mystery that surrounds the vast ocean, and physical courage displayed by these ruffians.

Early in the eighteenth century the Southern States were especially persecuted by the visits of the buccaneers, whose light, well-manœuvred ships easily threaded the creeks and bayous among the sea islands of the Carolinas. The most celebrated of the buccaneer captains at that time was a fierce seaman named Teach, of Welsh descent. He was better known by the name of Blackbeard, owing to the heavy dark beard he wore, twisted in braids to increase the singularity of his appearance. In those days few Europeans allowed hair to grow on the face, except the mustache. Blackbeard's features, therefore, gave him a marked and ferocious aspect which has perhaps aided to preserve his memory to the present day. He first came prominently into notice on the Bahama

[1] The tale of Captain Kidd is told in Harper's *Strange Stories of Colonial Days*.

[2] Morgan's raid on Panama is pictured in Mr. Howard Pyle's *Stolen Treasure*.

Islands, when for a time he actually gained such power that he ruled the chief town called Nassau, from which he was driven only by the arrival of an English fleet.

Forced to seek other regions, Blackbeard, with several small but heavily armed cruisers, betook himself to the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas. The choice spirits who commanded the ships of his squadron were named Vane, Stede Bonnet, and Worley. The four ships carried large crews of desperadoes sworne to attack the ships of all nations, to rob, burn, and murder without quarter. That such men should yield to the strict discipline of a ship of war, that they should obey the orders of men whom they themselves had voted to command them, was not at all owing to a sense of duty such as sailors acknowledge in other ships, but entirely to the rude instinct they had that without some ruling head they were but lost men; it was also due to the strength of character of such men as Blackbeard, who knew the dangers of their position, and were prepared to strike the first man dead who flinched or hesitated or questioned their superior authority.

Blackbeard's fleet hovered in all the creeks and sounds of those waters until they became a terror to every inhabitant and a standing menace to the commerce of the colonies. They act-

ually dared to seize ships at the very entrance to Charleston Harbor itself.

When matters came to this pass, the governor of South Carolina called on the people to aid him against the pirates. A body of militia drawn from seafaring men was shipped on board an armed vessel commanded by Mr. Rhett, a name often heard of since then in the Rhett's ship succeeded in surprising the vessel of Stede Bonnet near Cape Fear. After a desperate fight, Bonnet and thirty of his crew were captured, and nearly all of them were executed on the gallows.

Soon after this bloody event, Governor Johnson fitted out an expedition himself, and attacked Worley's schooner when Blackbeard was cruising in another quarter. After a furious cannonade the pirate's ship was captured by boarding, Worley and one seaman only being left alive, and they so desperately wounded they were hanged immediately on arriving at Charleston, lest they should cheat the gallows. They did not do things by halves in those days; law was law, and mercy was left to the higher tribunal in the next world.

Thus deprived of two of his lieutenants and two ships, Blackbeard became fairly alarmed. It was his turn next, and as he was not yet ready to leave this life he realized the impor-

tance of making terms while he could. He therefore hastened to take advantage of a proclamation made by the home government which offered pardon to pirates giving themselves up within a certain date. Twenty of his comrades in crime accepted the same terms. Taking his ill-gotten spoils ashore, the famous freebooter retired to the Pamlico River, where he built himself a rude cabin and settled down as a peaceful planter.

But a pirate can no more change his character than a leopard his spots. As with the shark that has once tasted blood, an appetite is aroused that cannot be appeased. On the plea of entering into commerce and protecting the neighborhood from pirates, Blackbeard once more took command of a ship, doubtless manned with some of his old shipmates. It was not long before it was rumored that he was at his former practice again, winked at, if not distinctly authorized, by Governor Eden, of North Carolina, who received, as was supposed, a share of the spoils.

The people of the "old North State" appealed to their governor in vain. Finding that no aid was to be looked for in that quarter against the attacks of Blackbeard, they took the desperate resolve of asking relief from Governor Spotwood, of Viginia. He replied at

once, and ordered a brave seaman, Lieutenant Maynard, to equip two sloops and proceed against the redoubtable buccaneer. The adventure was one that required great courage and skill, for Balckbeard was no ordinary enemy. To great natural ability he added long experience, and he was nerved to desperation by the knowledge that defeat meant death. In like manner Lieutenant Maynard was well aware that while in ordinary naval encounters the prisoners are always permitted to live, in a battle with pirates no quarter was given, and that defeat would mean death for him and every one of his crew. One can see what must have been the feelings of the men on both sides as they drew near the hour of conflict.

Proceeding down Chesapeake Bay and through Pamlico Sound, Maynard entered the Pamilico River, where he was told that Blackbeard's ship was lurking, manned by twenty-five desperate cutthroats. There one of the sloops grounded and Maynard was forced to proceed with only one sloop, thus greatly reducing the chances of success. But he kept bravely on until the white sails of Blackbeard's vessel appeared heading down the river.

Both ships opened fire with broadsides as they came opposite each other. The pirate captain could be plainly seen on his quarter-

deck directing the movements of his ship. He wore a cocked hat; in his belt were two huge pistols; and in his hand a naked cutlass flashing in the sun, and keen as a razor. His heavy beard was twisted into braids and his mustache stood out like the whiskers of a lion. Altogether his appearance was not a pleasant sight for the hardy men who had ventured to attack him, and their case looked still less hopeful when their sloop grounded on the ooze of the muddy river. The pirates saw their advantage at once. Pouring in a terrible fire, they bore down on the sloop to carry her by boarding. Blackbeard himself, standing on the bow, was the first to leap on the deck of the sloop, calling on his men to follow. Quicker than I can tell it, seventeen pirates dashed over the sides of the sloop. For a moment it looked as if they would bear all before them. But the governor's men rallied and the terrible buccaneer fell in a hand-to-hand struggle with Maynard. The fall of Blackbeard nerved the defenders of the sloop to fresh courage, but the pirates fought desperately until only eight were left alive.

As the survivors leaped back to their own ship and their comrades they were pursued by Maynard and his men, who still had a fierce struggle before them, as sixteen pirates yet re-

mained, determined not to yield themselves alive. Maynard was just in time to prevent a catastrophe that would have destroyed both sides and all on board. He saw an immense negro proceeding with a lighted match to the powder-magazine to carry out the order given by Blackbeard, to blow up the pirate-ship if he should fall. Another moment and all would have been over. But Maynard knew the ways of the pirates, and, expecting something of the sort, was on the lookout to prevent it. Quick as lightning he flew after the negro, felled him to the deck, and trod on the lighted match.

It was a short task after this to capture the remaining pirates and secure them in chains. This was one of the earliest naval battles which occcured in American waters, and was a worthy precursor of the many triumphs won in later times by American tars—triumphs that fill every patriotic heart with exultation and pride.

VI

A MORAL PIRATE

The History of Captain Misson

WE are all familiar with the grotesque and dreadful figure of the traditional pirate. At the very mention of his name we can see in fancy his scowling countenance, his great sea-boots, his belt full of long-handled pistols, the cutlass in his hand, and the black flag waving overhead; we can hear the stamp of his evil foot, his hoarse orders to the ruffian crew, and the cries of the helpless captives as they drop one by one into the sea.

This is a sketch of the career of a pirate who forsook the traditions of his class and earned for himself a name unique in the annals of free-booters as a wise administrator, a gallant sea-man, a merciful victor, and a devout Christian.

Our hero, Captain Misson, was born in Provence, France, early in 1700, the cadet of a good family. His father gave him an excellent education and destined the young man for the musketeers, but as Misson's reading had con-

sisted almost entirely of books of travel and adventure afloat, his natural inclination was towards the sea. At the age of seventeen his propensity was gratified, and he was sent as a volunteer aboard the French frigate *Victoire,* commanded by his cousin Captain Fourbin.

Young Misson entered with zest and zeal upon the duties of his new life. In the gun-room, when off duty, he completed his studies of theoretical navigation and seamanship, and he learned the practical part from his duties on deck and aloft and from the instruction of the boatswain and carpenter, whose tuition he secured by the gift of most of his pocket-money. By this means he acquired a reputation for industry and ability among the officers, and the age of nineteen found him an accomplished and efficient seaman, gifted with the esteem of the quarter-deck and the confidence of the fore-castle.

At this age, when a young man's mind is so open to the questions of philosophy, psychology, and religion, the ship being at Naples, young Misson asked and obtained a few day's leave to go to Rome. Here he took an active interest in the discussions that were going on, and confounded the presbyters with the doctrines that they preached, and was about to become an atheist when he met a young Do-

minican priest named Caraccioli. Strange to say, it was by this young man, with whom he was quickly on terms of friendship, that Misson was led to perceive the value of morality and of the precepts of the Church, and to give thereto an allegiance that was never withdrawn.

The two became fast friends, and upon the expiration of Misson's leave he entreated Caraccioli to throw aside his vestments and join the *Victoire* as a volunteer. Fired with a spirit of adventure, the priest agreed to this, and a few days saw him aboard the ship, his cowl and gown replaced by a sailor's toggery, and the measured tread of the monastery exchanged for the swaggering roll of the man-o'-war's man. By his assumption of the tarry garb, however, Caraccioli did not give up his priestly proclivities, and he exercised his ministerial office and remained Misson's confessor to the day of his death.

Two days after Caraccioli's reception on board the *Victoire* she fell in with two Sallemen, or Turkish vessels, and engaged them. The smaller one soon capsized, and it was decided to take the other by boarding. Misson and his priest were the first to step aboard the enemy, but the Mohammedans put up a desperate resistance and drove them back, Carac-

cioli falling with a shot in the thigh. Nothing daunted, the Frenchmen rushed again to the assault, and this time were successful. Just as the prize struck, one of her crew sprang down the main hatch with a lighted match in his hand. Misson suspected his design, followed him with a bound, and reached the magazine just in time to cleave the Turk's head with his sabre before the spark was applied. This piece of gallantry raised our hero higher than ever in the estimation of his shipmates, and the unexpected bravery of Caraccioli made him one of the idols of the crew. The wily priest knew well how to improve the opportunity offered by his sudden rise to prominence, and with his superior intellect and his remarkable sagacity in handling men soon gained an ascendency over the men second only to that of Misson.

Some four months after the victory over the Sallemen the *Victoire* put into Rochelle, where she was docked and thoroughly refitted. She then left the harbor, bound for Martinico, and when but a few days from port encountered the English forty-gun ship *Winchelsea.* A close action followed, and the first broadside of the Englishman killed the *Victoire's* captain, first officer, and three lieutenants, leaving the master as the only commissioned officer on board. This man was about to surrender, but as he ap-

proached the halyards to strike the flag, Misson knocked him down, seized his sword, assumed command of the ship, and ordered the men to fight on. Caraccioli seconded the gallant usurper as lieutenant, and so well was the action maintained by this crew, who fought without the leadership of a single commissioned officer, that after eight hours' fighting the *Winchelsea* was blown up with the loss of every man on board.

Now was the time for Caraccioli to put into execution the plans which had long revolved in his mind, and which he had only recently divulged to certain chosen leaders among the crew.

He stepped aft over the bloody deck, and, cap in hand, saluted Misson as "captain." Then, with a glance over his shoulder to see that all acquiesced, he began a set oration, while the crew, with grimmy faces and unbandaged wounds, holding in their hands rammers, sponges, and smoking pistols, gathered about the mast to listen.

He told Misson that he might now choose whether the command which he had assumed be lasting or temporary; that if he returned to France he might be sure that the command of the ship which he had saved so heroically would be given to another; that the authorities

would consider him well rewarded if they made him a sub-lieutenant; that he should keep before his eyes his circumstances as a younger son of a good family, but with no means to support his character as a gentleman; and finally, that the crew were with him to a man, and would follow him to the ends of the earth.

The temptation was a strong one for a youth of Misson's character and self-confidence. He promptly accepted the offer, and the crew, waving their caps in the air, burst into loud cheers of "Long live our captain!"

Misson now gave the crew permission to choose their sub-officers by ballot among themselves. This was done, Caraccioli being unanimously elected first officer; the men were bound by a solemn oath to stand by one another and to obey the orders of their superiors, and the ship headed for the Spanish coast, where there was a prospect of rich prizes.

Off St. Christopher's they took with their boats a becalmed English sloop. Their only booty was a few hogsheads of rum and sugar, and with this they made off, leaving the astonished captives their lives, personal property, and freedom.

Nothing further came in their way until they reached their station, when, after three days' cruising, they encountered a sloop, which had

THE CREW BURST INTO LOUD CHEERS OF "LONG LIVE OUR CAPTAIN!"

the impudence to give them chase. Misson determined to get a little amusement out of the saucy stranger, and as she drew nearer ordered all his men below with the exception of the necessary watch on deck. The sloop stood by them until late at night, and just as the mid-watch was summoned ranged up alongside and made fast her grappling-irons. Then like stealthy shadows her boarders crept over the rail of the apparently unsuspecting frigate, and with their swords in hand and dirks between their teeth, dove down into the gloomy holds. Here Misson quietly secured them, and boarded the Englishman in turn. No resistance was offered, and Misson secured the sloop intact, one Frenchman and two Englishmen slightly wounded forming the total casualty list.

The next morning the English captain was summoned before Misson. Expecting no fate for himself and his followers but to walk the plank or dangle gracefully at the end of the yard-arm, what was his agreeable surprise to be informed that Misson was so pleased with his gallantry in attacking a ship of the size of the *Victoire,* that with the exception of the loss of his powder and shot, and upon his promise to abstain from piracy for six months, he was to go free and unmolested. The Englishman was overjoyed at his escape, and only requested

a little powder to fire a salute in honor of his magnanimous victor. The captain informed him that the only salute desired was the keeping of his word, and the ships parted company with great good feeling.

The *Victoire* then bore up for Carthagena, where, finding nothing, she stood for Porto Bello, and on the way met two Dutch trading-ships, letters of marque, one of forty and the other of thirty-four guns. Despite their superiority of force, Misson bore down upon and engaged them with his accustomed dash and spirit, and a desperate battle followed. But seeing that many of his men were being killed, dreading the loss of his spars, and fearing to board one lest the other should close in, Misson ranged alongside the larger, and with all his guns pointed at a particular spot on her water-line, sunk her with a solid broadside, sending all hands to the bottom, when the other ship promptly hove to and surrendered.

Notwithstanding his loss of nineteen men killed in the action, and his rage at the Dutchmen's stubborn resistance, Misson gave his prisoners good quarters, secured to them their personal belongings, and in every way treated them better than the Spanish and English regular cruisers of the period were accustomed to treat prisoners of war. His next step was to dis-

pose of his valuable prize, and this he did by boldly entering the harbor of Carthagena, under the name of Captain Fourbin of his French Majesty's ship *Victoire,* landing his prisoners (with the exception of fourteen Huguenots), receiving 200,000 pieces of eight for the captured ship and cargo, and a quantity of fresh provisions and vegetables as a present from the governor to "his good friend the captain of the *Victoire.*"

When the ship had made a good offing Misson had the Huguenots brought before him and proposed that they should enter his service.

"I leave it to your choice," he said. "I will have no forced men. If you wish to stay with me you shall rank with my other men, and have an equal share of what plunder we obtain. If you wish to go I will put you aboard the first suitable ship, or land you upon some inhabited coast where you will be well received."

With one accord they elected to stay, and thus Misson obtained fourteen valuable additions to his crew.

The ship now made for the coast of Cuba, and when off the entrance to the Gulf fell in with an English ship bound for Jamaica, from which he took 4000 pieces of eight and a quantity of provisions; but his most valuable find was twelve French prisoners, who enlisted with

him gladly. Among them were a carpenter and mate—officers much needed aboard the *Victoire.* These men had been stripped to the skin by their English captors, and now that the fortunes of war had changed were anxious to make reprisals and leave the English as destitute as they had been. This Misson would not allow, but he told the master of the prize that it was only fitting that the French should be clothed and their property given back to them. The English captain attended to this, and sailed away, "marvelling much at hys whoal skin & the benevolence of the pyrat."

The pirate now shaped her course for the Guinea coast, where she captured the *Nieuwstadt,* of Amsterdam, taking from her £2000, forty-three prisoners, and seventeen slaves.

The slaves were distributed among the messes, and showed their gratitude for the kind treatment which their new masters gave them by their cheerful obedience to orders and eagerness to be of use, while the Dutchmen were allowed commodious quarters and were even permitted to circulate among the men at certain hours.

After this the ship put out to sea, steering to the southward and along the coast.

Up to this time the greatest regularity had been observed aboard the *Victoire,* but the cap-

tain, noticing an unusual laxity of conduct among the crew, and hearing them in their cups making use of blasphemous and profane language, justly attributed it to the influence of the Dutch prisoners, and determined to take measures to stop it. Accordingly he mustered all hands to the mast and addressed them as follows:

"My men, before I had the misfortune to bring these Dutch prisoners on board I never was pained by hearing any of you use in vain the name of your Creator. Lately I have often heard you indulge in this sin, which can produce neither profit nor pleasure, and may bring down upon you a severe chastisement. If you have a just idea of the great Being you will never mention His name without reflecting upon His purity and your own vileness. My own sentiments are that the Dutch have allured you to a dissolute way of life in order that they may take some advantage over you; and I hereby give notice that the first Dutchman I catch with an oath in his mouth or liquor in his head I will bring to the gratings and whip and pickle as an example to the rest of his nation. As to you, my friends and companions, generous and noble souls whom I have the honor to command, I admonish you like a parent by reason of my office, and trust that you will make laws

among yourselves against the sin of intemperance, which damages your bodies, and the sin of profanity, which imperils your souls."

It is hard for one to realize that these words came from the lips of an avowed pirate, sailing under the black flag, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

His advice was followed, and both nations led thereafter a life of clean speech and temperance, the Dutch in dread of punishment, and the French to avoid offending "the good captain," as they called their beloved Misson.

Steering farther to the southward, the *Victoire* now captured another Dutch ship. She was stripped of her valuable cargo and handed over to the prisoners, who, with a full allowance of provisions, were permitted to proceed on any course which they desired.

Ten leagues to the northward of Table Bay, Misson captured a fine new English ship of forty guns; £60,000 was taken from her, and the majority of her crew of ninety men, charmed and surprised with their captor's humanity, desired to serve with him. Misson accepted them willingly, but gave them to understand that if they sailed under his orders they were not to expect to lead a dissolute or immoral life.

The officers of the captured ship and those

of her crew who did not volunteer with Misson were put ashore, at the expense of much difficulty and danger to the *Victoire's* men, at a point hardly a mile distant from a fortified and garrisoned settlement.

It must be remembered that the victim of the pirate of those days expected nothing but a short shrift and a long rope, his only choice usually being the manner of his execution—the plank or the yard-arm.

Misson gave his men to Caraccioli and made him captain of the prize, and the two ships sailed around the Cape of Good Hope in company. Near the island of Johanna they fell in with a sinking East Indiaman and saved the lives of a hundred and thirty of her English crew. These men desired to be set ashore at the island, but before they arrived there became so infatuated with their pirate preserver that most of them mustered themselves among his crew.

And thus Misson, who left France only a few months before a poor sub-officer on a vessel of 250 men, many of whom were afterwards lost in battle, reached Johanna in command of two fine ships, manned by over five hundred resolute fellows, and with vast riches in hand and in perspective.

The Queen of Johanna received the pirates

gladly and made much of them. Her dreaded neighbor, the King of Mohila, made a descent about this time, and the pirates drove him off, killing more than three hundred of his people. This cemented the friendship between the pirates and the islanders.

A Portuguese sixty-gun ship appearing off the island, Misson took her by boarding and found £260,000 on board. He then cruised along the coast of Madagascar, and found to the north of Diego Suarez a large bay well concealed and with plenty of fresh water.

As Misson needed a place of refuge to store provisions and refit his ships, he decided to settle here. On his return to Johanna he asked the queen to loan him a number of men to assist in raising his fortifications and building his houses, which she agreed to do on the condition that he would make an alliance with Johanna and war against Mohila.

Willingly enough, glad to obtain these excellent people as friends, the good captain acceded to their terms. He strengthened the alliance by marrying the queen's sister, while Caraccioli wedded her niece, and many of the men took wives among the native women, who, being treated with unfailing kindness, became devotedly attached to their pirate lords. They were all married in due form by Misson or

Caraccioli, under the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

Lack of space prevents my telling of how the forts were built from the timbers of captured ships and armed with their guns; of how the natives of Madagascar treacherously wounded the two captains when sitting in a friendly council; of how Caraccioli lost his leg in a desperate action with a Spanish line-of-battle ship; of how the good captain's colony throve and grew prosperous; of the laws which were made for it, and how it was called "Libertaita;" of the alliance made with the bold and accomplished rover, Captain Tew; of the attack of the Portuguese fleet, and how they were disastrously beaten. But you may be sure that through all the perils and hardships that he encountered the good pirate bore himself like a brave and skilful sailor, and that he governed his little republic on the shores of Madagascar more wisely and justly than any part of that island has ever been governed before or since.

He pacified the natives; he refused to take a cruel revenge for any of their numerous treacheries; he protected them from their enemies in the interior, and he even brought many of them into the fold of his Church. No act of oppression against them went without its pun-

ishment, and when they were in need he gave them succor and relief.

His reward was that one stormy night when most of his men were away with Tew, the natives attacked the undefended fort, killed Caraccioli and the greater part of the garrison, and drove Misson in a small sloop out to the open sea. He fell in with Tew, divided with him what wealth he had been able to save, and proceeded in his company.

Off Cape Infantes a terrible gale arose. Tew's ship escaped, but Misson's went down to the bottom of the sea, and carried the good pirate where few better men had gone before him.

VII

THE CAPTURE OF THE SLAVER

An Old Shipmaster's Yarn

I HAD run away to sea, and was serving as cabin-boy on the *Flying Scud*. But by the time we reached Cienfuegos, Cuba, I had suffered so much from ill-treatment, that I resolved to desert before the ship sailed. I had an afternoon ashore, and while amusing myself with the sights I went into a restaurant for dinner.

At a table opposite mine was a fine-looking sailorly man, dressed in a white duck suit and a broad-brimmed Panama hat. While he sipped his coffee and lazily smoked his long black Cuban cigar he appeared to take considerable notice of me. When I was ready to depart he called me to him, and asked the name of the ship I belonged to, the treatment and wages I received, and so on. He seemed so friendly and interested that I made free to tell him of my troubles, and stated that I longed for the termination of the voyage. At this he said:

"It seems, my boy, that Providence has sent me to deliver you. I am captain of a fine ship, and am in need of a cabin-boy because mine has met with an accident that will keep him on shore for some time. What do you say to shipping with me? I will promise you good treatment and much better wages than the *Flying Scud* pays you."

Here was a golden avenue of escape for me. I was young and trustful, and Captain Ward of the *Dragon*—for such he told me were the names of himself and vessel—seemed so sympathetic and kindly that I gladly signified my willingness to desert to him.

"Very well," he answered, seemingly well pleased; "I am going on board now, for we are to sail immediately, and you can come right along with me."

As we made our way to the landing-stage through the fast-growing darkness, Captain Ward kept up an easy, friendly flow of talk, and by the time that we were seated in the handsome long-boat belonging to the *Dragon* I had, in the impulsiveness of youth, become strongly attached to him. When we reached the latter vessel it was too dark to observe anything more about her than the fact that she was fore-and-aft rigged, with a long yard on her foremast for bending a big squaresail to when running before

the wind, and had a broad, clean sweep of deck, with high bulwarks, through whose port-holes several cannon looked out. The captain was received at the gang-way by his chief mate, to whom I was pointed out with the half-laughing remark, "This is our new cabin-boy, who had the good taste to prefer the *Dragon* to the big ship over yonder." I went below with him, and he pointed out a tidy little state-room, which he told me I was to occupy, and said that whatever clothes I might need would be supplied to me out of the stock kept in the slop-chest. Immediately after this Captain Ward went on deck and we lifted the anchor and put to sea.

Well, to make a shorter story of it, I will explain right here that I soon learned I had shipped on board of the most notorious slaver in the trade, and that she was commanded by a man who was acknowledged to have no rival in the way of daring and success. I heard some time later that he had been a buccaneer in the Gulf of Mexico before going into the slave-trade, and that the *Dragon* had once flown from her mast-head the fearful black flag. All this may have been, and probably was, true; but this I claim freely, that during the month that I served on board I received the kindest treatment from him. It fretted me, however, to think of serv-

ing on such a vessel, and I determined to leave as soon as we returned to Cuba. But I was not to wait even that length of time, as you will soon learn.

Several days later, in a river on the African coast, we loaded the *Dragon* with four hundred poor wretches, who had been captured to serve as slaves to the civilized Christian white men across the wide Atlantic. Our lading had been much hurried, owing to a report that the American man-of-war *Dale* had been cruising off the mouth of the river the day before we arrived. Her cutters had a habit, very distasteful to the slave-traders, of pulling up the river at unexpected times in search of contraband cargoes. The penalty that the officers and crews of slave-ships were obliged to pay in the way of death or lengthy imprisonment and the confiscation of their vessel and effects, often drove the slavers to open warfare with the naval forces when in tight corners. If they were captured after warlike resistance or with slaves on board, they were considered as pirates, and suffered accordingly.

The slaves had been fed and chained securely between decks, and everything made ready for slipping out to sea by sunset, as the look-out reported the coast clear; but Captain Ward waited until the off-shore wind began to blow,

about eight o'clock, before getting up his anchor. At that time, under the jib and mainsail, the *Dragon* commenced to work slowly down the river, the negro pilot standing on the forecastle and conning the vessel through the channel. We had almost reached the mouth of the stream. I heard the captain say to his mate that by daylight the land would be leagues astern and all danger from station cruisers would be at an end.

Just as we approached the last turn, where the river narrowed to about one hundred feet, the *Dragon* stopped suddenly, brought up against a stout hawser stretched from tree to tree on either bank, then swung around until she lay directly across the stream, and at the same instant two boats dashed alongside filled with men-of-war's-men. They were prepared to sweep down all resistance with their cutlasses, and they drove the crew into the forecastle, and secured the door. I had been standing on the quarter-deck when the schooner was captured, and as the man-of-war's-men forced the captain and mate below the former picked me up in passing and carried me into the cabin with him.

No sooner had we entered than the companionway-slide was pulled over and we were prisoners, while overhead sounded the tramp of

many feet as the sails were lowered and the vessel brought to an anchor.

"Quick, open one of the stern-ports!" said the captain to the mate; then he ran into his room, from which he reappeared almost immediately and thrust a sheet of paper into my hand, exclaiming, "Show this to the naval officer when he comes below."

In another instant he and the mate had pulled off their shoes and clothes and slipped noiselessly into the dark flowing river through the open port. I entered the master's berth, in which a candle-lamp was burning, and looked at the paper that the captain had given me. It read:

"My cabin-boy was ignorant of the character of the *Dragon* when he signed articles.

"ROLAND WARD, Master."

Slaver, pirate, or any other hard name you may call him, there was something noble in the man who could think of others at such a time, and sacrifice even a few precious, fleeting moments to insure the safety of a poor little cabin-boy.

A few minutes later a naval officer, followed by several blue-jackets well armed, descended the companionway and asked for the captain. In order to gain time for the two men whom I knew to be at that instant swimming for

their lives I handed him the note. He glanced over it, thrust it into his pocket, and exclaimed:

"This will keep for the present. Where is the captain?"

I answered that he was not in the cabin.

"Where is the captain?" he repeated, impatiently.

I knew that the swimmers must have reached shore and were safe from pursuit in the darkness of the night, so I pointed to the open port. The officer stamped his foot in rage to think that he should have been outwitted so cleverly, and ran to the deck, where I heard him shouting to burn a blue light, and to man the boats and pull about in search of the escaping slavers.

The seamen had their trouble for nothing, as the captain and mate succeeded in making their way back into the country, where they remained in hiding until they found an opportunity of getting back to Cuba.

During the next day the *Dale* made her appearance and received the transfer of the prisoners. Although I was sent with them, the captain's note was accepted as proof of my innocence, and I was restored to liberty and made a messenger-boy on board the man-of-war, in which capacity I served until the *Dale* was relieved by the sloop-of-war *Vincennes,* and returned to the United States a few months later.

The lieutenant who had been left in ambush and who had captured the slaver was placed on board of her in command, and she was afterwards employed successfully as a decoy for bringing a number of other slave-ships within the clutches of Uncle Sam's officers.

My advent in the village was all that I could have wished for. The local paper published my picture in man-of-war uniform, together with a history of my voyage; and I was made a hero by the girls, and looked upon with sufficient admiration and burning jealousy on the part of my former school-fellows to make even my cup of satisfaction and happiness full to the brim.

VIII

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK

A Sailor's Fight on Shore

IT promised to be a dark night at last. It was nearly the middle of July, and midwinter in New Zealand, but the weather had been fine and the nights clear ever since my plan had taken definite shape. We had been skirmishing all day around Mohi's Pah; so far as I could judge, without any result but the usual one of getting a man killed or wounded every now and then by one of the vicious shots that came from between the great upright posts that formed the formidable stockade on the top of the bare conical hill on which Mohi—cunning old savage that he was—had perched his fortification. And now, as the bugles sounded to retire for the night, I felt as if I had got a reprieve. In a day or two more I should have a superior officer over me again, and I knew that I could not carry out my scheme on any but a really dark night.

As I looked around me I felt that it promised

well at last. Great banks of cloud had been gathering all day, and now that the light was failing, the red reflections from our camp-fires that glowed and flickered among the tall clumps of ferns and underbrush make the sky overhead look as black as ink. I had never before felt quite so impatient as I did that evening. I could hardly make myself sit still for five minutes at a time, and I certainly could not compel myself to eat any of the supper which Bill brought Mitchell and me to our tent. Mitchell, who was my junior, and little more than a youngster, was evidently astonished at me; and even Bill, whom I had taken into my full confidence—as I knew I must have one assistant, and could not possibly have a better one than Bill—looked his disapproval. Every five minutes seemed to stretch itself to an hour, and each hour became an age to my excited imagination. Nothing could be done, as I knew, to carry out my plan until nearly midnight, and it seemed as if the time would never pass.

Perhaps, after all, my excitement was hardly surprising; for, looking back on it, as I do now from the experience of many years' service, I admit that it does look a little like a boy's foolhardy idea. There were only two excuses for my scheme, which was no doubt both rash and insubordinate, and might, but for my good-

fortune, have cost me dear. I was very young to be placed in a position of even partly independent command; and, like every one of my men, I was pardonably impatient of the tactics which had enabled something like four hundred imperfectly armed savages to keep fifteen hundred soldiers and three hundred colonial volunteers, besides a hundred and fifty men of the naval contingent, at bay for ten days before a stockade.

At nine o'clock the tattoo was beaten, and long before ten the men were asleep, and even among the officers' tents not one in ten showed any signs of life. The camp-fires were dying down into red spots that glimmered like huge glow-worms here and there, and not a sound was to be heard but the occasional challenge of the sentries and the low moan of the wind. It was very dark—just the very night, as I told myself, exultingly, for putting my plan into execution. At eleven I roused up Bill, who was nodding sleepily in one corner of our tent, while Mitchell lay fast asleep in the other. Bill was wide awake in an instant, and his half-whispered "Ay, ay, sir! Right ye woz, too; 'coz for why it's time we woz a-movin' if so be we means to circumwent them niggers," showed me that he was fully alive to the undertaking before us. I had to shake young Mit-

chell before I could rouse him sufficiently to make him understand that it was time for Bill and me to start. He was to see that our blue-jackets were warned and ready before midnight, while I agreed to show a light from my bull's-eye lantern three times in succession when it was time for them to creep up the slope towards the stockade. I took the dark-lantern, and gave Bill the parcel of cartridges and the short-handled spade I had provided to carry, and we crept cautiously out of the tent. I had kept but little light in the tent, and yet when I got into the open air the contrast made the darkness almost solid.

"I ain't a-sayin' but wot this 'ere's somethin' like, this it," Bill whispered, huskily, through the darkness, after we had stood still for a minute to recover some use of our eyes.

"Ye couldn't make out the jib-boom end, not wi' the best night-glass aboard, sir, let alone wi' a nigger's eyes."

"Hush, Bill!" I replied, anxiously. "Keep close in my wake."

I took the bearings as nearly as I could from the tent behind me and started, Bill's whispered "Ay, ay, sir, an' right ye woz, too," coming after me in the darkness. Whatever might be true of the eyes of the native sentinels, it is certain that we managed to pass our own with-

out attracting any attention. I knew the ground well, for, indeed, I had made a study of it ever since I had thought of the plan I was now trying to carry out, so that in spite of the thick darkness we did not lose much time. The ground, too, was nearly all open grassy land, which in daylight afforded our skirmishers no cover from the fire of the stockade, and now offered no obstructions to our approach.

The whole distance was not more than eight hundred yards, and when I thought we had gone fully half-way I stopped and looked back. We had evidently ascended a good part of the hill, for I could just make out the red gleam of the camp fires, and they seemed to be far below us.

"Now, Bill," I whispered, "move quietly, for your life."

"An' right ye woz, sir; though, bless yer 'art, they're on'y niggers, arter all!" was returned in a sepulchral whisper which, in spite of my anxiety, almost upset my gravity.

We climbed the hill, stooping as near to the ground as possible; for the slope was so smooth and regular that I felt as if any sentinel must see us from above. Most likely there was little occasion for my anxiety, for it was so dark that when at last I caught sight of the irregular out-

line of the stockade against the sky I must have been within three or four yards of it.

"Hold on, Bill," I whispered, "till I find a good place."

I could just see Bill's shadowy head nod, and I could fancy I heard a ghostly, "Ay, ay, sir," and something that ended with the word "niggers," in a low growl of contempt, as I crawled forward on hands and knees. We had made a pretty good course, for it was evident I wasn't far from the corner of the Pah I had been steering for. Towering right overhead were the solid black posts of the stockade, forming a deeper shadow in the darkness, but only a few yards to the right the shadow gave place to a misty gray and the full force of the wind met me face to face. I was in luck.

I crept back to the spot I had first reached, and then cautiously nearer, till I could touch it with my hand. The first touch made me start, as if it must have been felt inside, and for a minute I lay still. Then, lying flat on the ground, I felt along the palisade with my hand. It was just as I expected. There was a good wide belt of earth which had only been lightly pressed together since the stockade had been set up, so it would be easy to make a trench. I crept back to Bill. I was afraid to speak now, even in a whisper, for since I had touched the

posts I felt as if I was close to the garrison. I touched Bill and beckoned, and then we crept back till I could touch the posts again. Then I set to work with the short spade. Fortunately the ground was soft, and little by little I managed to make a trench about eighteen inches deep and close to the stockade, while Bill crept along after me, raking out the loose earth with his hands as he went.

There was no sound but the whistling of the wind between the posts of the stockade, except when, now and then, my spade would scrape against something, making my blood run cold in case it should be overheard. Once or twice, too, I heard the sound of low, guttural words that seemed to come from the ground. I found out afterwards that these must have come from the covered rifle-pit that ran close to the corner of the stockade.

At last I stopped. My little trench was perhaps three yards long, and twice as far from the corner of the Pah.

"That'll do, Bill," I whispered in my companion's ear. "Bear a hand with the cartridges, and mind you're careful." Bill crept away into the darkness, and I waited. I was close to the posts, with my hand almost touching them as I lay flat on the ground, when a voice seemed to say, close to my ear, "Kapai

te moemoe!" ("sleep is good"). I almost sprang to my feet, and then for a moment lay trembling with excitement. Nothing happened, however, and when I had looked cautiously around and could see nothing, I shook off the feeling. In another minute Bill's black shadow crept along the ground, and without a word he laid the parcel at my side.

I knew that the soft earth was but a poor covering for the cartridges, but both Bill and I did our best to press it down, slowly and laboriously, with our heels. It appeared to take us an age, and I would have given anything to open my lantern for a single moment to look at my watch, but I thought of that voice in my ear, and I did not dare. There was nothing for it but to finish as we had begun, though every moment I seemed to grow more convinced that we were an hour behind time, and that Mitchell must have long ago given us up for lost.

At last I had finished, and arranged everything to insure explosion. "Now, Bill," I, whispered, as I took one last look at the dark line of posts overhead, "sheer off."

Bill muttered something about "a thunderin' sight o' trouble, seein' as how they woz on'y niggers, arter all," but he followed me closely as I crept down the slope. It had begun to rain, and seemed darker than ever. Hastily,

and without thinking of anything but keeping the light turned away from the stockade, I opened the bull's-eye, and a quick flash streamed out through the darkness. The hands of my watch pointed to five minutes past twelve. As my eye fell hastily on the dial, Bill's hoarse whisper reached me, "I ain't a-sayin' but wot they'll see that, sir—not me." I looked up and saw what he meant. I had not thought of it, but no doubt the light would be seen from our lines and Mitchell would take it for the signal.

There was nothing for it but to risk it now, though I could not be sure that I was even a hundred yards away from the Pah. "Go ahead, Bill," I whispered, urgently; "I'll be after you in half a minute."

"Not if I knows it, sir," he growled, doggedly, in reply. "Fire away wi' them 'ere signals, sir."

I wasted no more time on Bill, but showed the light three times, as I had arranged. The air was full of moisture now, and I noticed that the beams spread like the rays from a magic lantern, and must be as easily seen from above as below. The idea had barely flashed through my mind when I had reason to be sure of it. Whatever Bill might think of niggers, it was evident they were on the lookout. First a loud exclamation reached me; then the sound of

several voices, and the word "Taniwha!" ("demon") repeated in tones of great excitement; and then, after a moment's pause, half a dozen shots, one of which struck the hand with which I was holding the lantern, and sent it rolling away into the darkness.

"Woz ye hit, sir?" said Bill, in an anxious whisper, as he grasped me by the arm.

"It's only a scratch, Bill; but we're too near them. Come on." We bent nearly double and ran down the slope, keeping away to the right so as to get out of the line of fire. After a minute or two I stopped and listened. There were no more shots. Perhaps they thought they had killed the demon when the light went out. We crouched in the rain, looking to each other like slightly darker shadows in the darkness. I had never listened as I was listening now. Had my signal been seen and understood? Would the rain prevent the explosion? How soon could my sailors come up? These and a dozen other questions went rushing through my brain, and Bill's hoarse question seemed to jar me like a blow—"How soon might that theer hexplosion be doo, sir, in a manner o' speakin', now?"

I had understood it would take about a quarter of an hour, but I could have sworn that half an hour had passed already. Suddenly

Bill spoke again: "I ain't a-sayin' but wot I hears 'em a-comin'," and next moment I could make out a dull sound that came up muffled through the darkness. "Hurroar!" Bill shouted, leaping to his feet. "Hereaway, mates! Here ye are!"

In another moment the leading file of my men loomed up through the shadows, and Mitchell's voice exclaimed: "We saw the signal all right, sir, though the firing cut it short a bit. The whole camp's turned out by this time."

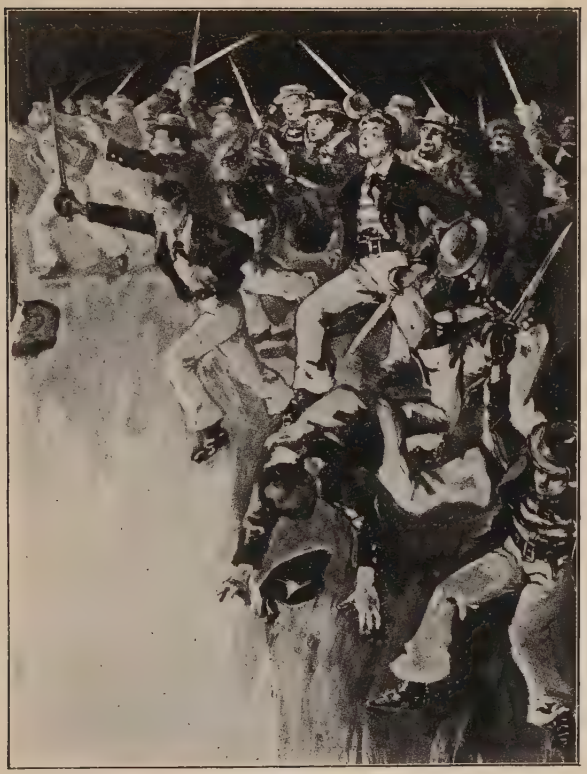
"Hush!" I exclaimed. "We're not two hundred yards off. They'll hear you." They did. In less than a minute a sharp fire was opened from the stockade. "Down, lads, down!" I exclaimed. The men threw themselves on the grass.

We waited. Shots, now singly and now in volleys, passed over us, and the rain fell thick and heavy in the darkness. I had made the men lie down, but I seemed unable to do so myself for a moment. My brain throbbed, my blood seemed to boil in my veins. Would the explosion never come? I believe I had almost given up hope that it would at all when there was a sound at last.

For a second or two the hill heaved and trembled with a strange sickening throb; then through the misty darkness there came a red

glare, like a flash of crimson lightning, and then a roar—dull, heavy, deafening. Every man sprang to his feet and with a shout followed me at a headlong rush up the hill. I seemed, as I went, to hear a hail of heavy bodies strike the ground, which shook and trembled still, like some living thing in terror. The great flash of the explosion was succeeded by a darkness that seemed doubly thick, but I kept a straight course by a sort of instinct. Suddenly a still blacker line seemed to rise in front, and I knew that it was the Pah on the brow of the hill. "Now, my lads," I shouted, wildly, "cutlasses, and let's see what these fellows are made of!"

The hurrah of my men was answered by a wild, unearthly yell, and next moment I had almost fallen into a yawning chasm that seemed to have opened before me. I just managed to save myself by a frantic leap, while several of my men behind me went headlong into the pit. At that moment a red tongue of flame shot up into the dense air, throwing a crimson glare over the scene, and showing us the natives rushing forward, leaping and yelling like demons, some armed with guns, others with tomahawks, and others flourishing the formidable Maori *taiaha*. A large hut near the centre of the enclosure was on fire, and each wild movement



"NOW, MY LADS, LET'S SEE WHAT THESE FELLOWS ARE MADE OF!"

of the native warriors could be seen framed in the smoky glare. Suddenly I found myself confronted by an all but naked savage, who flourished a gun wildly over my head. Instinctively I threw out my uninjured hand and caught him by the wrist as a blow was descending which would no doubt have prevented my telling this story, and at the same moment Bill sprang forward and cut him down.

I let the man's arm go as he staggered back, and with my left hand drew my revolver from my belt. I thought I fired it more than once, but they tell me now that I only flourished it above my head, and that it was still loaded when it was picked up next day. I can't say I am much surprised, for I can remember nothing very clearly. The wild rush and struggle; the still wilder cheers, cries, yells, and groans that filled the air; the leaping crimson flames, and the black background of night which closed us in like the walls of a cavern; and in the foreground the wild figures that leaped and struck and shouted, like maniacs broke loose—are nearly all I can recollect.

The struggle was fierce, though at first we drove them back foot by foot towards the huts in the middle of the enclosure. And now the flames leaped higher and higher, and added their roaring to the confusion of sounds, al-

ready nearly deafening, as hut after hut took fire, fanned by the strong wind, which began to carry black columns of smoke into our faces. A good many of my men had fallen under the fierce attacks of the natives, and again and again I must have been saved by one or another from a similar fate as I led them on with hardly a thought of my own safety. At last we came to a stand-still, however, and for a minute or two neither party seemed to have the advantage. Then we began to give ground. In spite of all I could do we fell back, as first one and then another went down before the attacks of the yelling savages. I looked around me in despair.

A fierce gust of wind scattered for an instant the clouds of smoke, and I saw something flash redly on the edge of the darkness behind me. A loud, peremptory voice shouted, "With bayonets, lads—charge!" There was a rush of many feet, and the flashing line changed to the gray figures of the colonial volunteers as they came on with a wild cheer.

I heard, with a throb of exultation, the cheer and the fierce yell that answered it; but as I turned to take my share in the victory now within our grasp I was grappled by a tall Maori, whose deeply tattooed face seemed absolutely convulsed with rage. I struck wildly

at him with my revolver, but his left hand gripped my throat and I could see his polished stone hatchet glisten above my head. There was a sound in my ears like the crash of falling water, and then it died away.

When I opened my eyes I was lying in bed under a tent, through the open flap of which bright sunshine was streaming in upon the earthen floor. I moved feebly and tried to speak. Somebody, whom I could not see as I lay, moved, and then a well-known voice said, in a gruff whisper:

"Right ye woz, sir. Nor I ain't a-sayin' but wot we made a fairish job on it, neither. We'd 'a' had the whole bloomin' lot on 'em, too, if it hadn't been for them lubbers o' sodgers as let a heap on 'em get out o' that theer thunderin' Pah at the back; though, fur the matter o' that, I ain't got no call to say but wot they fought shipshape enough, arter all, seein' as how they woz on'y niggers."

He stooped and looked anxiously into my face as he spoke; I need hardly say I recognized Bill.

PART II

ROVERS OF THE SEA IN THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH AND JAMES

IX

A GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER

The Strange Exploits of Captain Monson

THE names of Raleigh, Hawkins, and Drake—those extraordinary Elizabethan seamen who traversed such dangerous and then unknown seas with such inadequate means, and who gained such wonderful victories with such inferior forces over Spain, then the greatest power in the civilized world—are surely known to everybody. But comparatively few have heard of William Monson, a rover of the seas in the days of Elizabeth and the first James, whose career and exploits were quite as serviceable to his country as those of any of the above-named, and whose marvellous adventures would seem like the creations of romance, if they were not well authenticated by old chroniclers, such as Hakluyt, and by Southey, and in Cassels's *Story of the Sea.* Some of these adventures I propose to set down, in order that the reader may judge what sort of a war it was that these splendid gentlemen adventurers waged against

the world-wide and desolating power of Spain, before and after the Armada sailed to conquer England.

They may be said to have "fought for their own hands," as the queen and government lent them little real assistance beyond fair words, and now and then the loan of a queen's ship on the sly. The term "Gentleman Adventurer," which was afterwards universally applied to pirates pure and simple, had at that time a true and real meaning when used to designate those splendid and, for the most part, well-born followers of the sea.

William Monson was, to my mind, the most likable of them all. His daring, his wit, his generosity, and incapacity for bearing a grudge against those who had done him a bad turn, his extraordinary luck in getting out of extraordinary scrapes, and, above all, his strong sense of fun, humor, and "stratagem" (a quality often found in strenuous, daring men), mark him out as pre-eminent even in that age of heroic sailors and men of commanding intellect.

I have often wondered that his exploits are not better known. He came, like nearly all his compeers, of a good old family. The Monsons dwelt in Lincolnshire—the country also, by-the-way, of George Washington's ancestors.

He entered Balliol College, Oxford, when he was sixteen. But the war with Spain broke out at that time, and as he had no chance of getting his parents' consent to go to sea, he did what many a headstrong boy has done before and since—ran away, and enlisted on board a privateer.

From that time on, almost to the end of his life, Monson was a vivid example of the truth of Disraeli's favorite maxim, "Adventures are to the adventurous." They fell in with a well-manned and armed Dutch ship and ordered her to strike her flag. This the Hollander did not exactly see his way to do. The Dutch were always far better sea-fighters than either the Spanish or the French, whose genius does not seem to lie in that direction. They even, on occasion, proved quite a match for the English then, and afterwards in the days of Van Tromp and De Ruyter. But they were not fated to display much prowess on this occasion. They chanced to have an English pilot on board the Dutchman, who acted as interpreter; and the master of the privateer adopted the ruse of shouting aloud to his helmsman to port his helm, while he whispered to him to put it to starboard.

So the privateer ran into the Hollander, as if by accident, and the Dutchman's crew ran

with fenders and poles to try to shove the vessels apart. "Seeing them thus employed," says Monson, in the *Sea Tracts* (a valuable work of his), "we suddenly boarded, entered, and took her by this strategem." Perhaps the success of this somewhat questionable manœuvre had something to do with fixing in Monson's mind that taste for ruses and stratagems for which he was afterwards noted.

His next venture was much more serious. In fact, if it were not well vouched for in the chronicles of the time, its success, and the desperate courage which gained that success, would appear alike incredible.

Off the Spanish coast they met a large Spanish ship, which refused to strike. A handful of the English crew, with Monson at their head, managed to board her. But while the fight went on, the sea rose quickly, and tore away the privateer's grappling-irons, leaving Monson and his men fighting for dear life on the Spaniard's deck. It was impossible to help them, for the storm steadily increased and the English ship had to run before it to avoid sinking. Most men, in such a predicament, would have surrendered on whatever terms they could get. But the Elizabethan sailor was made of sterner stuff. Monson's party fought the Spaniards from *eight o'clock in the evening* till *seven*

next morning, and by that time were masters of the ship.

Well might Monson write, "I dare to say that in the whole time of war there was not so near a manner of fight or so great a slaughter of men." Monson was between eighteen and nineteen when this almost incredible exploit was performed.

He next appears as captain of a ship, probably some years afterwards. Family influence will probably, to some extent, account for one so young obtaining so responsible a position, though of course his proved and daring courage and ability had much to do with it.

After this he made several voyages under the Earl of Cumberland—a somewhat unreliable nobleman, who seems to have treated his second in command, as Monson was, with singular meanness. On one occasion he stood out to sea while Monson with four men was away in a boat. A great storm of lightning, rain, and fog came up, and all sight of the ship was lost. They were, however, picked up, their last charge of powder, which they had fired almost in despair, being miraculously seen through the fog. Moreover, "no sooner had they the ropes in their hands to climb up into the ship than their boat sank under them."

Monson was very ill for some time after this, and no wonder.

But in A. D. 1591 we find this generous and placable seaman sailing again under the Earl of Cumberland, to prowl along the coast of Spain —"till it should please the Lord to send them somewhat," as the pious Hawkins was wont to observe. On this voyage Monson had an opportunity of displaying two of his most marked characteristics—*viz.*, his taste for humorous and ingenious strategems and his great generosity. He came across two Spanish caravels, one of which he succeeded in boarding in his ship's boat and taking. Then he left nearly all his boat's crew on board the captured craft, and sent his own boat back to his ship, manned by Spanish prisoners, with only one or two Englishmen to guard them. The Spaniards in the second caravel thought from this that the English had been beaten off, and shortened sail to let their consort come up. The consequence was that the English came alongside, and carried them "with ease and despatch, much to our comfort and to the Spanish disquietude," Monson remarks. The prizes were of no great value, so Monson, having obtained some valuable information from their people, let them go again without offering any hurt to a soul

on board—a piece of generosity very rare in those days.

Unlike most good actions, this one had its reward at once. Very soon afterwards, while in charge of a prize cargo taken from the Dutch with a small crew, Monson was attacked by a fleet of from six to eight Spanish galleys, and captured after a desperate resistance. But his generous treatment of the caravels had been reported, and in consequence the enemy treated him with what was kindness for Spaniards—that is, they only sent him to the galleys, instead of to the Inquisition.

He was a captive a long time. He made two attempts to escape, both of which failed by the narrowest and most unlucky of chances. While shut up in the castle at Lisbon (the Portuguese seem to have been virtually one with the Spanish in these wars against England), in which he was confined during the winter, when the galleys couldn't go out, he saw a great galleon coming up the river most gorgeously bedecked with flags and streamers. The name of this galleon was the *San Andrea,* or *St. Andrew,* and she was thus ornamented in honor of the taking of the *Revenge,* commanded by Sir Richard Grenville. She had taken part in this astounding conflict, where the *Revenge,* off the Azores, fought alone against the whole Spanish fleet of

fifty-three sail for a day and a night, sinking six of them before she was taken. It was in honor of having actually taken an English ship that the Spaniard was thus decorated. The Spanish were grateful for very small mercies in their sea-fights with Britain. Besides, they had a knack of claiming and celebrating victories when not exactly warranted in doing so by the circumstances of the case.

Monson was so angered by the sight of this triumphant galleon that he then and there prayed that he might be present at her taking, and promised his fellow-captives a tithe of his winnings if he should be. Monson was fated to meet with this galleon under more favorable circumstances. Soon after this he was released —probably, as Southey says, by exchange.

On his return to England he again took service under his old leader, the Earl of Cumberland, notwithstanding the extraordinary meanness of his former treatment, which was surpassed, however, by the next trick the Earl played Monson, one which, taken in conjunction with former treacheries, almost leads us to conclude that Cumberland, for some reason, wanted to make away with his subordinate.

This forms one of the mysteries of that strange time, like the extraordinary abandonment by Raleigh of his Virginian colony, and

the ultimate fate of a large number of its colonists, nearly all trace of whom has been lost forever.

Cumberland's strange act was as follows: They had captured twelve hulks laden with powder off the Spanish coast. The earl towed six of these out from the coast, leaving Monson in the long-boat with fifty men to deal with the other six. Towards evening Monson was amazed to find that the earl had somehow managed to let the six hulks he was towing give him the slip, and these came down to help their comrades. Monson would have been killed or captured but for his swordsmanship. He ran three of the Spaniards through; for the rapier and dagger used by these Elizabethan gentlemen adventurers and their skill in fencing gave them a great advantage over the pikes and cutlasses used by the ordinary seamen. Then he leaped into the long-boat on one side of a hulk, while the Spaniards boarded it on the other. He was, however, badly wounded in the leg, and felt the effects of this wound for the remainder of his life.

Still, the single-hearted and unsuspicious sailor seems to have borne no malice, and is said to have saved the earl's life soon after by landing at great risk and procuring him cow's milk when he was dangerously sick of ship's

fever (a bad kind of typhoid). But in 1595 the earl completely excelled himself in meanness by first inducing Monson to join an expedition and then superseding him. This was too much even for Monson, and he left this unreliable leader and patron, and sailed under the Earl of Essex on the famous expedition against Cadiz. From this moment Monson's star rose steadily. In this most important expedition, and in the fierce battle by land and sea that followed, he greatly distinguished himself. This battle (which was fought against Queen Elizabeth's wishes) so crippled Spain for the time that the sailing of the Armada was postponed for one year, which circumstance probably saved England, if not from conquest, at any rate from invasion and great suffering, by affording her invaluable time for preparation. In the fight ashore Monson had the hilt of his sword shot away and another shot passed through his scarf, without either of them touching him. At sea his luck was as signal and of a more profitable kind. In the destruction which took place there of the Spanish fleet, which alone meant a loss to Spain of more than seven million pounds, it was Monson's singular fortune to capture a great Spanish galleon, the *San Andrea*— the very ship that he had seen during his captivity at Lisbon coming up the

river decorated in honor of the capture of the *Revenge,* and which he had then fervently prayed to be permitted some day to capture. For his gallantry and success at the battle of Cadiz Monson was deservedly knighted.

But his most remarkable exploit was the cutting out of a great Portuguese treasure-carack and eleven galleys in Cerimbra Roads, within a few miles of the capital, Lisbon. He was then serving under Admiral Sir Richard Lewson. The enemy's ships were moored under and protected by a strong fortress close to the beach and by a castle above. The galleys were partly covered in flank by a point of rocks, and the batteries above could play over them. Nevertheless, after a battle lasting from morning till five o'clock in the afternoon, the galleys were all taken or sunk, and the great carack brought out with all her treasure still aboard. This extraordinary performance has been almost exactly paralleled by the decisive victory over a Spanish fleet in an almost similar position by Commodore Dewey and the American squadron at Manila Harbor—a striking instance that history *does* sometimes repeat itself.

But James the First now came to the throne, and peace with Spain and Portugal soon followed his accession. To Monson was given the responsible post of "Guardian of the Nar-

row Seas"—that is, of the English and Irish channels. He had often to convey princes and ambassadors from the Continent to England, and *vice versa.* There was more honor than profit in this work, however, for the English Solomon, James the First, with true Stuart meanness, put nearly all the expenses of their conveyance on Monson's shoulders. It was about this time, probably, that Monson wrote his famous and valuable *Naval Tracts*— a work considered as an authority on naval matters in his own day, and even now of great value to the maritime historian.

He performed a still greater service to his country at this time by pointing out the priceless value of the fisheries in the German Ocean and round the British coasts generally, and in suppressing, or rather in completely putting down, the pirates that swarmed on the Scottish and Irish coasts, and plundered the fishing-vessels at their ease and pleasure.

An account of the highly characteristic way in which Monson performed this great service may form a fitting conclusion to this story of the exploits of this worthy "gentleman adventurer." In those days, it should be said, the business or profession of piracy, or something very like it, in most parts of Scotland and Ireland, and even in the north coasts of Eng-

land, was actually followed by many men of good family, who for some reason or other had lost property, or were in temporary or constant want of funds. It carried little or no discredit with it. Bothwell, Duke of Orkney, Mary Stuart's third husband, after the unfortunate issue of his marriage speculation with the Scottish Queen, became a pirate, though he does not seem to have been at all a credit to the profession. In still later times, Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, nephews of Charles the First of England, after the success of the Parliament, embarked for some years in a career on the seas that would certainly be called piracy nowadays.

In his expedition against the Scottish and Irish pirates Monson was accompanied by Sir Francis Howard. They scoured the north and west coasts of Scotland in vain; so finally Monson left Howard at the Orkneys, and made for Broad Haven, on the coast of Ireland, having heard of a Hibernian gentleman called Cormat, who dwelt there, and kept a rendezvous and open house for the gentlemen of fortune on those seas. On his way, however, he met with so frightful a storm that one of his ships was sunk and the rest scattered, so Monson had to proceed on his way alone. His single ship, however, with such a resourceful and wily gentleman as himself for commander, proved

quite sufficient for the enterprise. He came to Broad Haven alone. He had only one person aboard who knew anything of this den of thieves—a shady character whom he had picked up at Caithness, and persuaded to accompany him by the simple process of carrying him on board his ship and sailing off with him. This fellow, and some others of his crew, "not," as Cassels guardedly says, "without experience in piracy," were sent to Cormat, "the gentleman of the place," with the story that "one Captain Manwaring, a bold and free-handed rover, with a ship full of riches, was at hand." To give color to his tale the messenger used the names of several pirates of his acquaintance, and feigned messages to Cormat's daughters and other ladies of the place, making them believe he had tokens for them on board. This news "enthused" the Cormat family and the whole settlement to a perilous extent. The father proffered his services, and volunteered to send "two gentlemen of trust" on board next day as hostages for his sincerity. He also recommended, with somewhat peculiar hospitality, that some of them should come ashore next day and kill some—not of his, but of his neighbor's —cattle.

What follows is very amusing, and places Monson in a high rank both as a humorist and

a master of strategy. He sent fifty men ashore. Some cattle were killed, and the sham pirates, swaggering in true pirate fashion, were made welcome to the best in Cormat's house. Meanwhile the "two gentlemen of trust" boarded Monson's vessel and delivered their friendly message. When they had done, Monson bade them "to look around them very carefully, and tell him if they thought that ship and company looked like pirates." A considerable revulsion of feeling then probably was experienced by "the two gentlemen of trust," which was not diminished by their being promptly clapped in irons. Monson then ordered that neither boat nor men should go ashore till he was ready to land. When he did go ashore, which was soon afterwards, he found at least five hundred people waiting to welcome the redoubtable Captain Manwaring. They ran out into the sea to carry him ashore, and with shouts and cheers and general enthusiasm he was conveyed to Cormat's house. Such was the reception given in Ireland in those days to any gentleman known to be "agin" the government. Arrived at the house, a delightfully Hibernian incident followed. An enthusiastic gentleman stood forth and declared "that he would have known Monson to be a Manwaring anywhere, even if he'd not heard his name, for he was most in-

timately acquainted with many of the family, and the likeness was unmistakable."

It is related that "a good deal of drinking then took place." Soon the harpers struck up a tune, dancing began with vigor, and a generally hilarious time set in. The ladies made frequent inquiries after their absent sweethearts, it is said, but no one seems to have thought of inquiring for the "two gentlemen of trust."

When the festivity was at its height, Monson, who seems to have had a fine eye to dramatic effect, suddenly told the harpers to cease playing and commanded silence. He then informed the astounded assemblage "that hitherto they had played their part, and he had no share in the comedy; but though his was last, and might be termed the epilogue, yet it would prove more tragical than theirs." He then went on, with considerable native humor, to enlighten them as to who he was, and what was his commission and business there, and wound up by informing them "that there now remained nothing but to proceed to the executions, by virtue of his commission, for which purpose he had brought a gallows already framed," and that "he intended to begin the mournful dance with the two men they thought had been merry-making on board his ship." One can fancy the

change that this little oration produced. It must have been emphatically one "from gay to grave—from lively to severe."

Monson then left to go aboard his ship, for the purpose, as he told them, of hanging the "two gentlemen of trust." Next day the prisoners were led forth as if for execution, and kept waiting in an agony of fright while all the people were pleading and praying for their lives, and promising with the greatest emphasis "that they would never help, succor, assist, or connive at pirates again." Now Monson, who was as merciful as he was brave and clever, never really had intended to hang any of them, so after twenty four hours' fright in irons he let them off with a caution. Only one man, an Englishman, was punished, and he was merely banished from the coast. The very next day Monson nearly captured a pirate, who was entering the harbor, but who took alarm just in time at the sight of his vessel and managed to get out to sea, where he remained six days "in foul weather." Getting tired of this sort of thing, the pirate anchored off the Haven and managed to convey a letter to Cormat asking him to say if the strange vessel was not a king's ship, for, he said, "We stand in great fear of her." Also he begged "for two kine, as he was in great want of victuals." He ended by saying that "when-

soever you shall make a fire on shore, I will send my boat to you." This was playing into Monson's hands. He made Cormat, who had the very best of reasons for doing just as he was told, write to the pirate "that the ship was not one of the King's, as he had supposed, but a ship of London that was come from the Indies with her men sick and many dead; that he would give the pirate two oxen and a calf, and light a fire that night as he directed."

Monson dressed up some of his ship's company like wild Irishmen and placed them in ambush by the beacon. No sooner was it lit than the hungry pirates rowed ashore, when Monson, as he remarks, "took them like so many lambs." Then he put his men in the rover's boat, rowed out in the dark to the pirate, and "took her easily by surprise." This was another of the wily Monson's "subtle stratagems," on which he dwells with satisfaction in his *Sea Tracts*.

In the end he cleared these coasts so thoroughly of pirates that he could scarce pick up so much as a pilot when finding his way home. "Tempered as it was with mercy," says Cassels, "this service of his was not the least rendered to his country by one of the greatest seamen of his day." This he assuredly was, and I often wonder his name is not better known.

Monson seems to have died honored and respected, being more fortunate in that respect than his great contemporary, Sir Walter Raleigh. Monson was fully as great a seaman as either Raleigh, Drake, or Hawkins, and more admirable as a man than any of them, though each could be called "a man among men." These great Elizabethan sailors should be remembered with respect by both branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, for they laid the first true foundation of that mighty sea power and supremacy on the waters of the earth which has been maintained with unimpaired glory to this day by Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic.

X

AN EARLY FREE-TRADER

John Hawkins, Merchant and Fighter

THE career of John Hawkins, one of the great Elizabethan rovers of the sea, though by no means so chivalrous and romantic as that of Raleigh or Monson, or so adventurous as that of his frequent associate Sir Francis Drake, is perhaps more interesting than that of any of his great contemporaries.

One thing is particularly notable about this great fighter of Spaniards and pioneer free-trader in the South Seas—*viz.*, that, unlike his three contemporaries above mentioned, he was not of noble or even gentle birth, but came of good, plain, middle-class people—merchants or traders, in short, as he was himself all his life.

So that his privateering and the stern and grim fighting that he could do on occasion were all done by way of business, and to open up new avenues of trade, and not the least in any spirit of romance or adventure, though with romance and adventure his life was filled.

This alone makes him a more complete type of the Anglo-Saxon race than any other Elizabethan sea-captain, though it must be confessed that he is not as picturesque a figure as Raleigh or Monson, for instance.

Another great point which renders Hawkins peculiarly worthy to be remembered is that he was endowed with a mercantile sense far in advance of his age, as witness his objection to exorbitant foreign tariffs. He might almost be called the pioneer free-trader of our race.

The singular mixture of trading and fighting that Hawkins engaged in with the Spaniards in the South Seas forms one of the strangest and most amusing features of the extraordinary age in which he lived.

For instance, he was willing to trade even with Spaniards, exchanging slaves—I regret to have to say—for "bar silver, pearls, hides, ginger, sugar, and other like commodities," as he himself puts it; but he objected to paying the King of Spain's tariff of thirty per cent. on every slave sold. He was willing to pay seven and one-half per cent. and no more. He generally appeared in such guise and with such backing that the inhabitants of the Spanish-American port at which he called were usually willing to trade with him on his own terms, if only to get rid of so formidable a merchant.

But sometimes he met with a refusal, whereon followed, "as surely as the night the day," a fight of more or less duration, from which Hawkins almost invariably came out victorious.

Even in the England of today, when "she is opening up new avenues of trade," a keen observer may discern faint rudimentary traces of the Hawkins method. I have only space to relate the adventurous third voyage of this remarkable man, and the terrible sea-fight with which it ended; but its incidents will serve to illustrate the character of John Hawkins.

It should be premised that the *second* voyage of Sir John Hawkins (to give him his full title) had been amazingly profitable, so that he set forth on this third one with high hopes.

The queen, who had been an actual partner of his in the voyage before, lent him *two* ships instead of one—viz., the *Jesus,* in which he sailed before, and a smaller ship, the *Minion.* He had two good ships of his own. A fifth ship, the *Judith,* was contributed by one Francis Drake, afterwards the renowned Sir Francis Drake, who was then about twenty-seven years old, and appeared on the stage for the first time. He seems to have picked up another ship somehow, for Cassels says: that he sailed out of Plymouth Sound, October 2, 1567, with *six* ships —*i. e.,* the *Jesus,* which he commanded himself

(his flag-ship we would call her now), Robert Barret, sailing-master or captain; the *Minion,* Captain Hampton; the *William and John,* Captain Bolton; the *Angel,* the *Swallow* (the names of whose captains it seems impossible to discover), and the *Judith,* Captain Francis Drake. This ill-starred voyage had bad luck from the very start. They caught a gale in the Bay of Biscay, which damaged the *Jesus badly.* Then they started for the coast of Africa to catch negroes to trade with, after the "laudable custom of the times." Hawkins, I fear, enjoys the black distinction of being the originator of the slave-trade, so far as England is concerned. Their bad luck continued. At first the negroes beat the Englishmen off with heavy loss, hurting many with poisoned arrows, and they had to run as far as Sierra Leone before they were able—very late in the season—to turn towards the West Indies with between four and five hundred negroes on board their ships.

It must be remembered that England and Spain were at that time at peace, which makes subsequent events more remarkable. Apparently then, as long afterwards, "there was no peace between Spaniard and Englishman under the line."

They first made the islands of Dominica and coasted from place to place selling their slaves

as best they could—"somewhat hardly," as Hawkins relates, "because the King had straitly commanded all his governors in those parts by no means to suffer any trade to be made with them." But it was at Rio de la Hacha that we first obtain a glimpse of Hawkins's peculiar method of "trading" when his customers seemed at all reluctant to make a deal. It seems the governor had heard of their coming and had fortified the town. Hawkins had been there before, and the governor had given him a testimonial of good conduct, evidently under some slight pressure. "So," says Hawkins, "with two hundred men we brake in upon their bulwarks and entered the town with a loss only of two men . . . Thus, having the town, and partly by friendship of the treasurer, we obtained a secret trade, the Spaniards resorting to us by night, and bought of us to the number of two hundred negroes."

Then they tried Carthagena, but the town was too strongly fortified for this enterprising merchant, so they turned homewards, for it was late in the summer and the hurricane season was approaching. They had stayed too late, however. Off the west end of Cuba they were caught by a cyclone, which lasted four days, and hurt the already strained and damaged

ships of the leader so much that they were unable to proceed.

Hawkins first tried for some port on the coast of Florida, but finally, in an evil hour, the ill-starred expedition ran for the port of San Juan de Ulloa, at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, only a few miles away from Vera Cruz. This town was then the chief port of Mexico. It stood on a small bay, with a ridge of sand across its mouth which formed a natural breakwater, the inner side of which was faced with masonry. The water was quite deep there, and rings were let into the masonry so that ships could tie up. In fact, it was far the best harbor in Mexico, a land notorious for its bad harbors. Then the entrance to the port was very narrow, and a battery at the end of the breakwater completely commanded it. Altogether it was an awkward place for crippled ships when held by so very unreliable a race as the Spaniards. But necessity has no law, so Hawkins and his battered ships sailed in. He then sent a message to the Viceroy of Mexico saying "that he had put in by stress of weather and in want of provisions, and that, the Queen of England being at peace with the King of Spain, he hoped to be allowed to refit." All might have gone well even then, but the very next morning after sending the message Haw-

kins was petrified by seeing thirteen great ships, any one of which ought to have been a match for his whole squadron of cockboats outside the harbor.

Now these ships were commanded by Alvarez de Beçan, a virulent hater of the English, "and, indeed, of all men save Spanish men." And, climax of ill fortune! de Beçan had special orders to look out for Hawkins. Now Hawkins had his faults, as the reader will perceive, though he was by no means a bad man—considering the morality of the age, which counted slave-dealing and something very like piracy as perfectly legitimate branches of trade—but want of energy and promptitude were not among them. He promptly occupied a little island at the mouth of the harbor and mounted guns there. It should be noted here that the English guns then were generally of much heavier calibre than those carried by the Spanish ships, a fact which was one of the causes of the utter and piteous rout of the Invincible Armada with such little loss to the English. He then sent a boat to the Spanish admiral's ship, and calmly informed him that the English had possession of the post and would allow no Spanish ship in till well assured that there would be no treachery. It seems the height of impudence to shut a Spanish commander out

of his own port in time of peace, but, then, Hawkins knew what the Spaniards were, and that this bold move was his only hope of escape with life and goods. He also knew what he was about in another sense. The prevalent northerly wind was getting up, and the Spaniards were to be allowed to come in on condition that "the English were to be allowed to retain possession of the island at the harbor's mouth, and that twelve hostages should be exchanged on both sides." The Viceroy signed these terms, and "commandment was made by sound of trumpet that none should violate the peace on pain of death." Then the Spaniards came in, the fleets saluting each other. This would have been all very well, but the Spaniards meant treachery from the first. In the matter of hostages, the English kept faith and sent twelve gentlemen. The Spanish dressed up twelve worthless ruffians in gentlemen's clothes and sent them aboard the English ships. Then de Beçan began slyly to plant guns to command the little English battery on the island. It seems strange that a man of Hawkin's subtlety should have placed his ships in the harbor as he did. However, the *Jesus,* his flag-ship, containing all his treasure and the whole profits of the expedition, and being, moreover, disabled, lay farthest in, instead of

being nearest the entrance of the harbor. A little farther out lay the *Minion,* and farthest out of all the large ship the *Judith* (Drake's ship). The little ships—or, rather, boats—the *Swallow* and the *Angel,* were apparently nearest of all to the entrance of the harbor.

On the third day after the treaty, at noon, when the *Minion's* crew were going to dinner, they suddenly saw a large hulk, as they called it, of nine hundred tons towing up alongside them. There were at least three hundred Spaniards on board of it, and these men began to cut ports in its sides. The *Minion* got ready to slip her cable. At the same time Hawkins was entertaining at dinner in his ship certain Spanish gentlemen, one of whom—de Villanova—had a dagger in his sleeve to stab his host with on a certain signal. It soon came. A trumpet was blown in the town. Then came shouts and heavy firing. De Villanova sprang up, but one John Chamberlayne seized the scoundrel and disarmed him. Hawkins rushed on deck to find that every battery on shore, and the fleet of great galleons (in itself more than a match for the little English ships), had opened fire on the *Jesus* and her consorts. The great hulk alongside the *Minion* poured her men—outnumbering the English three to one—into the little ship; but the English, fighting with sav-

age resolution, drove their perfidious enemies overboard with dreadful slaughter. But now occurred the great misfortune, but for which the English, entrapped and outnumbered twelve or more to one as they were, would probably have won the battle. A great force of Spaniards from the mainland had made a dash at the handful of English on the island, and they —being utterly overwhelmed—escaped to the ships by swimming, making the fatal mistake of not spiking their guns. These guns did more harm than all the Spanish ones put together, for they sank the *Angel* and the *Swallow,* "and pounded the *Jesus* in such sort there was no hope to carry her away." And now the shameful and unequal battle was at its height. Whatever we may think of some of Hawkins's proceedings, one feels a glow of admiration at the magnificent manner in which he and Drake fought their ships. "God and St. George upon the treacherous villians!" he shouted, as he headed his men. Again and again and yet again his crew beat back the Spanish boarders. As Tennyson, in describing the hardly more heroic fight of Sir Richard Grenville in the *Revenge,* says,

"A dozen times they shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land."

In the middle of the fight, hoarse with shouting orders and choked with gunpowder, Hawkins called for a cup of beer. As he set the silver flagon down a shot from a demi-culverin carried it away. "God," he said, "who has preserved me from this shot will preserve us from these traitors and villains!"

The fight went on. But for those fatal guns on the island the English would have won. In one hour they had sunk de Beçan's ship, burnt the Spanish vice-admiral's, and sent another and yet another to the bottom. Any of these galleons ought to have been a match for their whole fleet. But the *Jesus,* crippled even before the action, was unable to stir, and the end came when the Spaniards sent down two fireships upon her. The *Judith* had forced her way out of the harbor, followed by the *Minion,* in spite of all the Spanish could do; and Hawkins with a bitter heart was constrained, with most of the men left alive in his ship, to get out their boat, and with a gallant dash to break through the foe and gain the open sea. With his ship, the *Jesus,* went all the money, pearls and ingots he had collected—all the profits of the voyage, in short. "Some few of my men," Hawkins relates, "were constrained to abide the mercy of the Spaniards, which," he adds, "I doubt was but little."

Exactly what that mercy was I shall relate as shortly as possible before following the further fortunes of Hawkins and Drake. To do this with more accuracy I shall quote *verbatim* the following passage from Cassels's *Story of the Sea,* first premising, in justice to the Spaniards, that the English prisoners in Mexico, though treated at first very harshly, were finally —though distributed among the Spanish planters as slaves for a time—allowed to settle in the towns, make money, and even marry:

Up to this time there had been no Inquisition in Mexico. But in the year 1574 the Inquisitors arrived, and began looking round for victims. The Englishmen were their first prey. They were taken from their business, cast into dungeons, racked, and tortured. This lasted for three months, and then, with sound of trumpet and drum, a day was fixed for giving judgment against them. On the morning of the day appointed, the Englishmen (who had been kept awake all night, drilling for the ghastly farce) were given a cup of wine apiece, and a piece of bread fried in honey, and marched out to the great square in single file, each in a San Benito (a yellow jacket with red crosses on face and back), with a halter round his neck and a green candle unlighted in his hand. Arrived at the square, they were mounted on a scaffold, and the Viceroy and Inquisitors, with three hundred friars at their backs, pronounced judgment upon them. The next day, Good-Friday—of all days in the year—the scoundrels carried out their horrible sentences. Three men had already been burned. Sixty were now stripped naked to the waist, mounted on horses, and lashed through the streets of Mexico. One man, Roger, the chief armorer of the *Jesus,* was condemned to three hundred lashes on horseback and to serve ten years in the galleys; six men to two hundred lashes each and eight

years in the galleys; fifty-three others to various numbers of lashes and terms of galley service.

These things, it seems, were told by one Miles Phillips, one of the sufferers, who escaped after nearly fifteen years' captivity, and who either wrote, or got some one else to write for him, a book describing his miseries while in Mexico and entitled, *A Discourse written by one Miles Phillips, Englishman, containing many special things of the country of Mexico, but specially of the cruelties used to our Englishmen, and among the rest to himselfe,* etc., etc. (The titles of books were somewhat long in those days.) This pamphlet is confirmed by the story of Job Hartop, another of the survivors, who did not make his escape till after he had endured twenty-three years of dreadful captivity.

To return to Hawkins and Drake. The *Minion* and the *Judith,* after fighting their way out of that fatal port (the great Spanish fleet, or what was left of it, did not dare to follow them a yard out to sea), soon got separated. Drake in the *Judith,* the swifter and less burdened vessel, pushed on and reached Plymouth after a miserable voyage, for the time being a ruined man. But the return voyage of the overcrowded *Minion* is one of the most dreadful on record.

"Hides were thought very good meat," says Hawkins's narrative. "Rats, cats, mice, and dogs, none escaped that might be gotten. Parrots and monkeys that were had in great price were thought then very profitable if they served the crew one dinner. The men died of hunger like flies. They had foul winds continually. They fell too far south for England and were forced to put into port on the coast of Gallicia, Spain. Here they very nearly again fell victims to Spanish treachery, but escaped to Vigo, where some English ships which were lying there lent them twelve men, by whose help they arrived at last at Mount's Bay, Cornwall."

Such is the story of the only disastrous voyage of the great Elizabethan sailor. Hawkins was not financially ruined by this disaster, as was Drake, for he still had most of the great profits of his former voyages in hand. Nevertheless, both he and Drake owed a heavy debt to the King of Spain, and it may fairly be said that they paid it in full. Drake was back five years afterwards, and at or near Chagres, on the isthmus of Darien, captured the great Acapulco treasure. Some years after he came again, searing the Pacific coast this time as with a hot iron, running in and out of the Spanish ports at will, and finally capturing the great *Cacafuego,* treasure-ship, and returning to Eng-

land with the greatest booty ever brought home. Then he attacked Cadiz and destroyed the Spanish fleet there, inflicting on the King of Spain a loss of over six million pounds, and thus putting off the coming of the Armada, a whole year, which gave England time to prepare. And at last, having manfully borne his part in the defeat of the invincible Armada, he, with the Earl of Essex, took the town of Cadiz, destroyed the Spanish fleet in the harbor (the last fleet Spain had), brought Spain on her knees, and ended the war. Hawkins, too, had his full share of revenge when the Armada came.

XI

THE TAKING OF THE KING'S TREASURE-SHIP

The Adventures of Sir Francis Drake, Admiral and Explorer

OF all the great sea-fighters who adorned the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral, or second in command, in the fight with the Armada, under Lord Howard of Effingham, was at once the most skilful navigator and the most daring and successful opponent of the Spaniard. No Englishman was more dreaded and hated by Philip of Spain than Francis Drake, and no man ever had better cause for these feelings. Drake was a very formidable foe, even for Philip, the most powerful monarch in Europe and the ruler over an empire on which the sun never set. He was no mere privateer, but a great admiral, an explorer equal to his contemporary Frobisher, one of the ablest strategists and commanders in all English history; and, above all, he was endowed with a wholesome and hearty

contempt for Spanish power and Spanish fighting, which he soon managed to impart to his comrades and the sailors who fought under him. He called the King of Spain "a colossus stuffed with clouts," and proceeded to demonstrate the truth of his assertion in a way which no man could mistake.

He had good reasons to hate Philip of Spain, since he was with Hawkins at San Juan de Ulloa, when the Spaniards made that treacherous attack upon the English ships which is described in preceding pages. How he soon after paid a portion of the deep debt he owed to King Philip by the taking of his Acapulco treasure-train, and some time after by the taking of his great treasure-ship, the *Cacafuego,* I shall endeavor to relate in this history.

It was some time after the terrible catastrophe at San Juan de Ulloa before Drake could scrape together money enough for the voyage of retribution and reprisals which he meditated; but at last, in 1572, he sailed out of Plymouth Sound with two small ships—the *Pascha,* of seventy tons, and the *Swan,* of twenty-five tons, commanded by his brother John. Drake seems to have considered—and who can say he was wrong?—that as he had been robbed and plundered by a Spanish viceroy and Spanish admirals in time of peace, when engaged

in strictly lawful trade, he had a right to help himself to all Spanish property—more especially to that belonging to the king—till he was repaid for his losses. If he succeeded in getting a little more than he lost, so much the better for him, and so much the worse for the king.

He had but a small force, no more than seventy-three men. He was bound on a daring errand, but one which, if successful, promised to enrich himself and his crew at a stroke. He knew that all the gold and silver which came from the Peruvian mines was landed at Panama, on the west shore of the Isthmus of Darien, and was then carried across the isthmus on the backs of slaves and mules to Nombre de Dios, at the mouth of the Chagres River. Thence it was shipped to Spain. Drake meant to either attack Nombre de Dios or to intercept the treasure-train while crossing the isthmus, whichever might prove most practicable. As it turned out, he performed both of these desperate feats. On reaching America, at a place he called Port Pheasant, according to Prince's *Worthies of Devon,* he found a warning written on a plate of lead and nailed to a great tree from one John Garret, a sea-captain of Plymouth, and a great friend of Drake's, telling him "not to go on . . . That he had been betrayed

to the Spaniards, and that he (John Garret) had been compelled to depart thence in great haste." John Garret was never heard of afterwards. The warning, however, had no effect on Drake; more especially as he was just then re-enforced by a bark from the Isle of Wight (James Rouse, captain), with a crew of thirty-eight men. He made up his mind to attack Nombre de Dios.

It is strange that this, the first Spanish town attacked by Drake, should be the last town he captured many long years afterwards, and that he should have died there, on board his ship in its harbor.

They sailed at once for Nombre de Dios, and keeping close to the shore, lay hidden at night, meaning to attack the town at the break of day. But Drake's men—bold fellows though they were—became dismayed at the unexpected great strength of the place. So Drake, hearing them muttering among themselves, and judging probably that the more they looked at their task the less they'd like it—"the moon, moreover, being up and very bright, roused them up before that they had hatched their fears, and gave orders to attack at once." The town was unwalled. They charged it with trumpets sounding and drums beating, "and fire-pikes divided amongst their companions which no

less affrighted the Spaniards than gave light to the English." The Spanish made a fierce resistance at the market-place, pouring on the English heavy volleys of shot, but Drake finally drove them off the ground with volleys of arrows—"the best ancient English compliment," as he remarks. He got, however, in that place a severe wound in the leg, which he concealed from his men—"knowing," as he says, "that if the general's heart stoops the men's will fall." They fought their way against all odds and over and through every obstacle to the house where the bars of silver and gold were deposited.

"Men," shouted Drake, "I have brought ye to the mouth of the treasury of the world. If ye do not gain it, none but yourselves must be blamed." But, even as he spoke, he fell fainting from loss of blood. They bound his wound up with his scarf, and as he would not be persuaded to retreat they added force to their entreaties, and so carried him to his pinnace. It was full time. The Spaniards had discovered what a mere handful of men were so calmly walking off with their treasures, and were upon them in overwhelming numbers. Nevertheless, the English made an orderly and successful retreat, bearing off with them their immense booty in gold and silver bars. On reaching their ships they at once put off to an island two leagues distant, where they remained two days.

In this place, strange as it may seem, they were actually visited by certain of the Spanish garrison, who came off to them, "trusting to their honor," and declaring that they came to see the men "whose courage was such that with such inconsiderable forces they had ventured upon so incredible an attempt." They also wished to know if their leader was the same Captain Drake who had visited the American coast before, and, above all, they wished to know if the English arrows, with which some of their men had been wounded were poisoned or not.

Drake assured them that "the English were not in the habit of using poisoned arrows, and that their wounded men might be cured by ordinary remedies." And that there might be no mistake about his intentions and motives, he ended by informing them that "he only wanted some of that gold and silver which they got out of the earth and sent into Spain to trouble all the world."

Not being satisfied with the amount of booty he had taken at Nombre de Dios (he was always, to the end of his life, a difficult man to satisfy in that respect), Drake went to take a look at Carthagena.

That important place, however, was at that moment too strong for him, though he was able

to make friends with the Cimaroons or Maroons. These people were simply Spanish slaves who had escaped from their cruel masters and established themselves in great numbers in the dense woods that covered the Isthmus of Darien. As it may be imagined, their love for the Spaniard was small, and, knowing as they did every road, pass, and track on the isthmus, they were able to tell Drake exactly how and where he could best waylay the great Peruvian treasure-convoy he came so far to capture. They did something more than this. One of their chiefs took Drake up to a height whence he could gaze on the Pacific, the great ocean which the Spaniard Vasco Nuñez de Balboa (afterwards beheaded by his "grateful" country), was the first of Europeans to gaze on. When he saw this mighty and, to Englishmen, unknown sea, Drake prayed to the Almighty to grant him life and leave "once to sail in an English ship in those seas."

However, his present and pressing business was to lay hands on the great treasure-convoy which was soon to cross the isthmus from Panama. His friends, the Maroons, were as good as their words. They guided him to the track from Panama, and soon the Englishmen heard "the sweet music of the mules, coming with a great noise of bells," up the trail. Then

they saw the great treasure-train coming slowly on, poorly and carelessly guarded; for the Spaniards had as little fear of an attack by an enemy in that unfrequented part of the world as they would have had in the streets of Madrid or Seville. The English raised a great shout and fell on. "The great treasure," says Cassels, "*all* fell into Drake's hands—gold, silver, and jewels," for the Spanish guard vanished from the scene with promptitude and despatch.

The silver they buried (probably not being able to carry it away then); "there were several tons of it." The gold, pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds they carried straight down to the shore. Here they well-nigh met with crushing disaster. On reaching that part of the coast where their pinnaces had been ordered to meet them they found, to their horror, that not only were their own boats absent, but that seven Spanish pinnaces were cruising up and down, looking for something—evidently their adventurous selves. One narrator, Price, says, "Drake, now being in great fear that his ships were lost, built a raft of the trees that the river brought down, mounted a biscuit-sack for a sail, and with an oar shaped out of a young tree for a rudder, he, with three others, ventured out of the mouth of the river." They were on the raft six hours, and in crossing the bar of the river

were up to their waists in water, and "with great waves up to their armpits at times." (The Elizabethan adventurers were decidedly made of sturdy stuff.) Their courage was rewarded. To his intense joy, Drake caught sight of his pinnaces, which had hauled round a point for shelter, and got safely on board them. The boats then went about to the Rio Francisco, took in their comrades with all the treasure, and then, "standing not on the order of their going," made all haste to their ships. Their voyage home was prosperous, and they brought all that great booty safe home to England.

For several years after this Drake was quiet. But he was all the time planning a great enterprise—an enterprise which demanded grave thought and weighty consideration beforehand, as well as consummate skill and daring in carrying it out.

He had not forgotten his sight of the Great South Sea, and the resolution which he made as he gazed over its vast waters had become the fixed purpose of his life. But he required time to mature his plans and collect his resources. "So he studied the globe, examined maps, became known to the Queen and Privy Council, and gradually matured his great scheme." Meanwhile, one John Oxenham, who had been with Drake at Darien, and with

him had viewed the Pacific from the heights of that isthmus, after trying to get Drake to accompany him, sailed alone for the South Sea in a forty-ton ship. His tragic fate is well related by Charles Kingsley in his novel *Westward Ho.*

Then there was one Andrew Barker of Bristol, who sailed on the same quest with two vessels, the *Ragged Staff* and the *Bear.* His fate is uncertain, but neither he nor a single man of his crew ever came back.

Drake at last, after long consideration, resolved to follow the course of the great Fernao de Magalhaes (generally known as Magellan), the first circumnavigator of the globe. He gained the very unreliable sanction of Queen Elizabeth—her *secret* sanction, be it understood, so that she could disown or disgrace him if it suited her fickle nature and everchanging plans. Indeed, she did that very same thing afterwards, when Drake returned from an expedition which did much to save England from ruin. If she had dared she would have sent him to the Tower or, perhaps, to the block. However, *this* time she was very gracious, and gave him a sword before he sailed, with this remarkable speech, "We do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us!"

He set out from Plymouth, on November

15, 1577, with a squadron of ships, well found and well provisioned, but the largest of which would be counted as a not particularly big yacht nowadays. As for the smaller ones, a man that now proposed to sail round the world in one of them would be simply considered a lunatic. These ships were—his own ship the *Pelican* (afterwards the *Golden Hind*), of 100 tons; the *Elizabeth,* of 80 tons, Captain John Winter; the *Marigold,* bark, of 30 tons, Captain John Thomas; the *Swan,* flying boat, of 50 tons, Captain John Chester; and the *Christopher,* of 15 tons, Captain Thomas Moon.

They started with bad weather, got separated, and met again, much knocked about, at the Island of Mogador, on the Barbary coast, appointed beforehand as a rendezvous.

Sailing down the African coast to Cape Blanco, Drake began by taking three Spanish prizes and a large Portuguese ship, which he substituted for the *Christopher,* giving it the same name, that vessel being unseaworthy.

He put in command of this ship one Thomas Doughty, gentleman, a mysterious and ominous figure in this expedition, whose end was certainly tragical enough. He got into trouble from the first, according to the *Narrative* of Mr. Fletcher, Drake's chaplain, was removed to another ship, and finally, for arbitrary and

mutinous conduct, and I strongly suspect, for attempting to carry out a plan formed while yet in England to depose Drake and take the leadership himself, "was deposed from all command, and sent on board the *Swan* fly-boat in utter disgrace."

Starting now from the Cape Verde Islands, Drake stretched out across the Atlantic, making the coast of Brazil, February 5, 1578. Then they stood southward till they passed the mouth of the River Plate, "finding, to their amazement, fresh water at the ship's side in fifty-four fathoms." Here Doughty disappeared with the *Swan* fly-boat, but was recaptured by Captain Winter in the *Elizabeth,* when the *Swan* was broken up for fire-wood, and her crew drafted into the other ships. There seems all along in this first part of the voyage to have been some mysterious underground trouble fermenting among some of the members of the expedition —a party, in short, more or less hostile to Drake, of which Thomas Doughty was the head. On June 20th they came to the harbor which Magellan had called Port St. Julian. After landing, the first thing they saw was "a skeleton hanging on a gallows, the bones picked clean by the birds." This was one of Magellan's crew, whom he had executed for mutiny fifty years before.

This ghastly sight, on that deserted and desolate shore, seemed like an ill omen—and an ill-omened shore it proved indeed to them. Here the natives, described before "as men of gigantic stature" (as the Patagonians still are), "and very friendly," became suddenly hostile, and in a fight with them they lost two men, the gunner and another.

Here also took place that strange and to some extent unexplained execution of Thomas Doughty, the exact cause of which remains one of the many mysteries of those seas and of those times which will never be cleared up. The annals of that age are full of those strange secrets. What, for instance, was the fate of Raleigh's first Virginian colony, planted at Roanoke, which vanished, leaving no trace except the single word "Crotoan" written under a cross fixed on a great tree? What happened to the entire crew of Master Andrew Barker, previously mentioned in this narrative, who utterly vanished, though there have been various tales and reports, up to the present day, of a tribe of Indians in the inaccessible interior of Yucatan—"*white*, with blue eyes and fair hair," and "very fierce and unconquerable." What was the great secret which Raleigh imparted during his long imprisonment by James I., in the Tower, to Prince Henry of Wales, which

led that good and clever prince so vehemently to implore his father to release him, and, on his request being denied, so sternly to blame his father "for keeping such a bird in such a cage"?

Of a similar nature is the mystery of Doughty's condemnation. Cassels says, "We cannot tell exactly how far this unfortunate man had offended." Froude suggests, "He was in Spanish pay." Others, "that he had been sent out expressly to defeat the ends of the expedition." "We are told, vaguely," says Cassels, "that his conduct was found tending to contention, or mutiny, or some other great disorder, whereby the success of the expedition might greatly have been hazarded." Be this as it may, Drake's conduct seems to have been fully approved of by most of his men, and it is certain from that time forth, he was the absolute and unquestioned commander and leader of the expedition. Doughty was tried and found guilty "by twelve men after the English fashion," and condemned to die. "And he," says Fletcher the chaplain, in his *Narrative,* "seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did, at the hands of Master Fletcher our minister; and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action, which, being done, and the place of execution

having been made ready, he having embraced our General and taken leave of all the company, with prayer for the Queen's majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head on the block where he ended his life."

After this act of justice or harshness, as the reader pleases, Drake left Port St. Julian, and on August 20th made Cape Virgines, at the entrance of the Strait of Magellan. Here, after certain prayers and ceremonies in honor of the queen, Drake changed the name of his flag-ship from the *Pelican* to the *Golden Hind,* in honor of his friend, Sir Christopher Hatton, who carried a golden hind as his coat of arms. Then he entered the strait, being the first Englishman to explore it, though two Europeans had been before him—Magellan and Juan Ladilleros. On the seventeenth day after leaving Cape Virgines, Drake cleared the strait and entered the South Sea. Here the adventurers soon had a taste of the stormy waters and vast seas of the inappropriately named Pacific Ocean. Trying to run north, out of the cold, a strong northeast gale caught them and drove them for a fortnight before it to the latitude of Cape Horn, "where a westerly gale is almost continually blowing round the globe, and the waves the tallest anywhere known."

The *Marigold* was obliged to bear away be-

fore the gale, and was never afterwards heard of. Drake's men were, by-the-way, the first Europeans who had ever seen Cape Horn, it having been previously supposed that the South-American continent stretched straightaway to the south pole, and that the Strait of Magellan was the only opening between the Atlantic and the Pacific. They tried to anchor under the lee of some islands, but Drake's cable broke, and the *Golden Hind* was blown out to sea. Captain Winter, in the *Elizabeth,* after waiting a month in Magellan Strait, lighting fires every night, sailed at last for England, where he reported that Drake was lost. But Drake was in safe shelter in a harbor on the desolate coast of Terra del Fuego, having as a crowning misfortune lost his shallop with eight men in it. Only one of these, a sailor called Carder, after nine years of incredible hardship, was guided by Indians to a Portuguese settlement, and finally got home.

Drake, venturing out, was again driven south to the terrible Cape Horn by a storm that lasted without intermission for seven weeks. Truly, these Englishmen, if their subsequent success was great, deserved it if ever men did, for their courage, constancy, and perserverance. While at the Cape, Drake went ashore, and, like a true sailor, amused himself by leaning over the pro-

montory as far as he possibly could without falling over and breaking his neck. Then he came back and told his men that "he had been farther south than any man living," which was certainly true.

But the luck turned at last. It generally does in time for men of resolution and bravery enough to endure and defy its buffets. The gale blew itself out at last, and he got away at length from the "terrible south Cape," and sailed with a fair wind and smooth sea north to Valparaiso, hoping to meet Winter. There was no Winter there, but instead a Spanish galleon was riding at anchor in the port. The Spanish crew of her, who in their most nervous and fearful moments had never dreamed of the dreaded English finding their way into the Pacific, took them for friends, and saluted them with beat of drums. The *Golden Hind* ran alongside the galleon, and her crew rushed on board of her; the foremost, a Plymouth man called Thomas Moon, knocking down the first Spaniard he met, with a shout of "Abajo, perro!" (down, you dog!). The Spanish crew unanimously went overboard and swam ashore, and the English had the galleon without losing a man. After securing her, Drake, being evidently determined to improve the shining hour, promptly proceeded to plunder the town,

but found little booty, except that in the chapel they found "a silver chalice, two cruets, and an altar-cloth," which Drake piously handed over to the use of his own chaplain Fletcher. But the prize, which they examined when they got out to sea, contained "one thousand seven hundred and sixty jars of Chile wine, sixty thousand pieces of gold, some pearls, and other valuable merchandise."

From this on began for the English ship and her daring crew of vikings a career of adventure, victory, and plunder such as has seldom or never been paralleled in the history of the world. Drake literally ran in and out of the Spanish Pacific ports like a pleasure-yacht out on a holiday, and generally conducted himself as if the Spanish army and navy had no existence. After taking the galleon, they sailed for a place called Tarapaca, where silver from the Andes mines was shipped for Panamá. Here such security prevailed that they found thirteen bars of silver, worth 4000 ducats, lying on the open quay, with a single Spaniard asleep beside them. "Seeing him such an ill watcher," says Fletcher, "we made bold to relieve him of his care, and so left him to continue his slumbers." Sauntering down to their ship, with this easily acquired wealth, they met a Spaniard and an Indian driving eight llamas,

"each carrying a hundred-weight of silver in two leather bags." Llamas and silver also went on board the *Golden Hind*. At Arica, the next place they favored with a call, they took two ships. One yielded forty bars of silver, weighing about twenty pounds each; the other 200 jars of wine.

Thence they sailed for Callao, the port of Lima, the capital of Peru, the richest of all the Spanish Pacific provinces. Outside Callao, Drake boarded a Portuguese vessel, and promised the owner that he would spare his cargo if he would take him into the harbor, which the owner did after nightfall, and placed him right among seventeen large ships. So unprepared were the Spaniards that they made no more resistance than a flock of sheep would to a wolf, and Drake rifled them all, getting, to his disgust, only a chest of silver reals "and good store of silk and linen." But he heard news there which made him put out to sea in haste, for he had word of a prize which would make all the wealth he had so far gained look insignificant.

The great treasure-ship, the *Cacafuego,* which carried the pick of the produce of the then fabulously rich Peruvian mines, had sailed but a few days before for the isthmus. Now, it must be admitted that if Drake had an

extraordinary run of what is called "luck" in this part of his voyage he fully merited the same by his foresight, skill, and energy. Before sailing, he had the sagacity to cut the cables of all the ships in Callao Harbor, and the masts of the two greatest, so that they could not be armed and follow him when the Spaniards recovered from their panic. The prize he sought deserved that every precaution possible to insure her capture should be taken, for, as Cassels says, "her ballast was silver, her cargo was gold and emeralds and rubies." Then he piled all sail on the *Golden Hind* and sped away after the *Cacafuego*. They strained every nerve to overtake this floating El Dorado. When the wind failed, boats were actually put out to tow the ship. At last a sail hove in sight, but it was not the *Cacafuego*. They brought her to and found it was well worth their while to have done so; for they took eighty pounds'-weight of gold out of her, "and a great gold crucifix, set with emeralds, said to have been as large as pigeons' eggs." More, her crew had seen the *Cacafuego* not three days before. Meanwhile the Viceroy of Lima, having somewhat recovered from the nightmare of bewildered consternation into which the appearance of this terrible and unlook-for visitant had thrown him, sent at last two vessels and

400 men in pursuit of him. These came up with the ship that had just happened to lose the eighty pounds of gold and the crucifix, and from her heard such accounts of Drake and his men that they concluded to sail back for reenforcements.

Still, Drake drove his ship northwards under all the sail she could carry and crossed the line on February 24th, without seeing a single sail. But at last, off Cape San Francisco, in latitude 0° 40′ N., "they spied the peculiar-looking sails of the *Cacafuego,* four leagues to northeast," and bore down on her under all sail.

They had but little trouble in this culminating success of a most extraordinary cruise. The Spanish captain shortened sail, taking Drake's small ship for some coaster which he might send back news by. Drake ran within a cable's-length, and then requested the Spaniard to surrender. The Spanish captain, thinking he had to deal with either an intoxicated man or a lunatic, condescended no answer, but held on his course. Whereupon the *Golden Hind* let fly a broadside, which brought down his main-sail, while a storm of bullets and arrows from Drake's veteran marksmen swept his deck.

The captain and many more fell wounded

by that single discharge, and the next instant the *Golden Hind* had run alongside of her, and Drake's sea-wolves had driven the still amazed and bewildered Spaniards below. The great treasure-ship of the king had been carried in about eight minutes.

She was nearly four times the size of the *Golden Hind,* and of more than twice her force of guns and men.

They repaired the prize as well as they could and then stood straight out to sea. "All that night and the next day and night they sailed with all speed away from land," and then, when they thought they were safe from interruption, proceeded to examine their prize.

Most authors agree with Cassels that the full value of this enormous treasure was never acknowledged. "Probably," he says, "it was never known, except to Drake, Queen Elizabeth, and a few trusted people . . . A published schedule acknowledged to twenty tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of silver coin, and a hundred-weight of gold. But there were gold nuggets in vast quantities, besides a prodigious heap of precious stones. The Spanish government proved the loss of a million and a half of ducats, exclusive of what belonged to private persons, but the total capture was far greater than this."

Drake treated the Spanish captain with great kindness, keeping him on board his ship till his wound was healed, when he dismissed the Spaniards (permitting, however, the captain and his officers and men to retain their own private and personal property) in a perfectly empty ship. Moreover, he gave him a letter of safe-conduct in case he should meet with the *Elizabeth* or the *Marigold*. The letter was useless, though Drake did not know it. The *Elizabeth* had gone back to England, the *Marigold* was at the bottom of the sea.

And now it occurred even to the daring Drake that it was about time to take his gold and jewel-ballasted ship home. Being as wary as he was brave, he soon saw that to go back by the way he came would be the height of folly. Armed fleets and overwhelming numbers would await him all down the Pacific shore of South America, and with his enormous load of wealth it was his duty to avoid danger and to get home —if he could.

So this daring and skilful sailor and scientific navigator actually resolved to try and sail home around the north of North America. In other words—for the first time in the world's history—to endeavor to make the northwest passage, an attempt which has caused the death of so many brave mariners.

moment for himself and the expedition, Drake abandoned the search and, turning at right-angles to his course, steered boldly out into the unknown Pacific Ocean for the Cape of Good Hope.

For sixty-eight days the *Golden Hind,* with her golden treasure and daring sailors, traversed that great ocean without seeing land. Then, passing the Pelew Islands and the Moluccas, they stopped at Celebes, one of the larger of the East-Indian Spice Islands. There they strengthened and repaired their ship again, and it was well they did; for shortly after leaving Celebes, in a shallow sea of coral reef and treacherous shoals, the *Golden Hind* met with the worst peril of all that perilous voyage, and came near to leaving her great treasure and adventurous crew, with all record of her most wonderful voyage, at the bottom of the Indian Ocean.

One evening, the ship being under all sail, and everything seeming perfectly safe, a grating sound was heard under her keel, and the next instant she was fast on one of the death-traps of those seas—a hidden coral rock. They tried with boats to see if she could be dragged off by her anchors; but, as usual with these reefs, the water was deep all round, and there was no holding-ground for anchors. Then be-

gan a grievous time. They flung overboard "eight guns, three tons of cloves, and other stores," but with no avail. Fuller (who gives a very clear account of this misadventure) says "that they threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on't, with much sugar and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about . . . Then," he says, "they betook themselves to their prayers —the best lever at such a dead lift, indeed, and it pleased God that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend." In fact, the wind changed at a critical moment, and aided by this providential circumstance, they managed to back their ship off the reef almost unhurt.

All the crew, as might have been expected, behaved well and bravely throughout, with the exception of Mr. Fletcher the chaplain, whose *Narrative* I have sometimes quoted from. He, at the most dangerous period of their misfortune, had been heard to say something "about divine retribution for the death of Mr. Doughty." Drake said nothing till they were well out in the open sea. Then a singular ceremony took place. Drake "called up Mr. Fletcher, excommunicated him solemnly—pronounced him given over to the devil—and left him chained up by the leg to a ring-bolt, to

XII

DELAYING THE ARMADA

Drake's Bold Raid into Cadiz Harbor

WHEN Francis Drake returned in 1580 from his memorable voyage around the world, bringing back with him far more Spanish treasure than had ever been brought into England at any one time before honors were deservedly showered upon him. In short, from that time on he was a made man. His great ability, as may be imagined, was recognized by all, and he had not long to wait for plenty of the work that suited him so exactly, and which he performed in such careful and complete fashion.

The outbreak of open hostilities between Spain and England was not long delayed. For the great struggle that soon took place there were several causes. There was the quarrel between Papacy and Protestantism. There was the preposterous policy of King Philip of excluding all but Spaniards from the New World. We have seen how much Drake, Hawkins,

Raleigh, and other Englishmen regarded *that*, and how they helped themselves to whatever they could lay hands on, when prevented by Spanish tyranny from having any chance to trade fairly in American waters. But there was another cause which, perhaps, did more to hasten the conflict than either of the others. Alva, Philip's able and cruel general, was endeavoring to crush the very existence out of Protestant Holland in the ruthless and barbarous fashion customary to Spain with every nation, race, or people of whose territory she wished to possess herself.

Queen Elizabeth had allowed a great privateer fleet, which went by the name of the "Beggars of the Sea," half Dutch, half English, to shelter in English ports. Froude calls this fleet "the greatest phenomenon in naval history." It was commanded by a Flemish noble, Count de la Mark, and actually made its headquarters in Dover Roads, whence it pounced on every Spanish ship that entered the narrow seas. The cargoes of its prizes were openly sold in the town of Dover. When hard pressed by Alva's great fleet it took refuge under the guns of Dover Castle.

This curious state of things lasted for several years. Finally, in 1572, Queen Elizabeth listened, or pretended to listen, to the repeated

ish West Indies and, appearing before the town of St. Domingo, requested the inhabitants to pay him a ransom of twenty-five thousand crowns. They refused, so he set fire to the suburbs of the town, when they thought better of it, and handed over the money. Thence he proceeded to the Spanish Main and, bringing to before Carthagena, required as a ransom of the city the modest sum of a hundred and ten thousand crowns.

There being, as at St. Domingo, some demur at first about complying with his request, he began to burn down the suburbs, house by house, informing the citizens that when he had finished with the suburbs he would begin on the city. Whereupon the inhabitants scraped together the money, and Drake "departed well pleased." Having by this time succeeded in inducing the Spaniards to contribute about thirty thousand pounds towards his travelling expenses, Drake proceeded home to England at his leisure. He had again, to use his favorite phrase, shown "that the King of Spain was a colossus stuffed with clouts." He had taken and held to ransom three great Spanish cities without having had to fight a serious battle, and with scarcely the loss of a man. The effect on Spain was remarkable. To use the figurative language of an old chronicler, "the

DRAKE'S ATTACK UPON ST. DOMINGO

Spanish Council of State sat for three days, trying to believe their ears." The veteran Spanish Admiral Vera Cruz—by far the best admiral and fighter the Spanish had—reminded the king that he had told him before "that the English had teeth—some of them long." King Philip almost began to wish he had not seized those corn ships. However, he had by this time annexed Portugal, and was prepared, as he thought, to settle with heretic England, once for all. It should never be forgotten that when the Armada sailed for England nothing less than the utter subjugation of the island was meant—and utter subjugation after the Spanish method, which was a tolerably complete one.

He began to get ready his great Armada, and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots removed his last doubts about invading England. He first called on his great Admiral, the Marquis of Vera Cruz, to prepare a scheme for the invasion of England. If the old admiral's advice had been followed, and the force he called for had been provided and sent forward at once, England's peril would have been great, as he alone saw all the difficulties of the task, and demanded 556 ships of all kinds and 94,000 men—*all* to sail from Spain in one great Armada. This last proviso was most important. It was the attempt of the Spanish part of the In-

vincible Armada to effect a junction with Parma on the Flemish coast that delayed and confused them so, and gave the English such an excellent chance to strike them with effect. If all had sailed together in one great expedition—though the result would probably have been the same—there would not, at any rate, have been such hopeless disorder and confusion as there was in Medina-Sidonia's great fleet in the Channel, when, as Hakluyt says, "the Spaniards went away before the English like sheep."

But Philip rejected the plan of Vera Cruz, and so threw away his only chance of success. He thought the project too costly. He thought also, that by employing the tried and experienced troops he already had in Flanders, under the Duke of Parma, the invasion could be carried out as effectively at less cost. The plan resolved on was for the Marquis of Vera Cruz to set out from Spain with a fleet strong enough to crush all opposition in the Channel, which was to carry with it a force of troops, who, when joined with Parma's men in Flanders, would form about as strong an army as that which Vera Cruz wished to transport entire from Spain.

The two forces were to combine on the coast of Flanders and invade England together from there. There was no secrecy about the im-

mense preparations that Philip now began to make. Every harbor was filled with his ships. Volunteer's from all Catholic Europe were thronging to Spain to take part in the crusade against heretic England. As Cassels puts it, "All Latin Christendom was palpitating with expectation." It will hardly be believed, in the face of all this, that Queen Elizabeth still clung obstinately to the belief that peace was possible. In truth, one of her perverse moods was upon her. She had another when she afterwards stopped Drake—as will be related hereafter—from completely destroying the Armada before it even left Spanish harbors; and another, when she stinted his ships of powder, and positively wanted to disband most of the fleet, a little before the Invincible Armada actually came in sight. Each one of these moods was very nearly the ruin of England. And even when victory was assured, it was nothing but the absolute want of powder in the English fleet—a fault due entirely to Queen Elizabeth's perversity and stinginess—that prevented it from utterly destroying the Armada in the last great fight off Calais, or, to speak more strictly, off Gravelines.

It was with the greatest difficulty that she was persuaded to allow Drake to do what probably at this juncture saved England—*viz.*, to

take his fleet of privateers, with one of her own ships, the *Bonaventura,* and sail for the coast of Spain. But he was not to do much. He was merely "to see what was doing." Moreover, she sent with him as vice-admiral, in her ship the *Lion,* Captain Thomas Brough, Comptroller of the Navy, to see that he obeyed orders. But before he sailed she changed her mind altogether, and sent a messenger post-haste to Plymouth to prevent his sailing, unless he understood "that he was on no account to injure any of the King of Spain's subjects." But this very ridiculous message arrived too late, for Drake, who had expected something of the sort, took occasion to slip quickly away to sea; and when the queen's courier arrived at Plymouth his sails were just visible on the horizon. Drake's squadron, on this glorious and successful cruise, consisted of the queen's ships *Bonaventura* and *Lion* (the latter did him no good), two of the queen's pinnaces, the *Dreadnought* and the *Rainbow,* and "certain tall ships of the city of London," which, with his own ships, made up a fleet of thirty sail in all. On the 18th of April, A.D. 1587, he came in sight of Cadiz. A perfect forest of masts choked the harbor. "Sixty tall ships and transports innumerable," says Cassels. Drake signalled for his officers to come on board the flag-ship.

"Yonder," he said, "is preparing the great Armada for the invasion of England. Shall we go in and hinder these preparations?" There was but one dissentient voice, that of Vice-Admiral Thomas Brough, of the *Lion,* who had been sent out expressly to see that Drake did not over-exert himself, or did not do "too much injury to the subjects of his Majesty the King of Spain." He pleaded "that they would be risking her Majesty's ships"—a singular plea for a British sailor to make on the eve of action. He was not listened to for a moment. On the morning of the 19th of April they went in with a favorable wind and a flood-tide, first scattering and destroying a great fleet of galleys sent out against them. There were no submarine mines and torpedoes in those days, so they ran boldly on into Cadiz Harbor. There was a guard-ship, a great galleon of 1000 tons, at the entrance of the harbor. The concentrated broadsides of the fleet sank her in eight minutes. Then they ran past the batteries, taking and returning their fire, and before night were masters of Cadiz roads.

It must be remembered that this great fleet of galleons massed in the harbor was in an incomplete state. Many of these Spanish ships had not even their guns on board, so when Drake had entered the harbor and mastered the

land batteries he had them practically at his mercy. He was well aware of this fact. Their crews fled to the shore in their boats and left all the great flotilla to its fate. The governor—the Duke de Medina-Sidonia, afterwards the incompetent and unlucky commander of the Invincible Armada—ran off to get troops to prevent Drake from landing, which Drake had not the slightest intention of doing. Without the least trouble and without losing a man he took possession of the Spanish ships, searched them, and true to his old privateering instincts, took charge of everything valuable he found in them. He did not hurry himself. This congenial occupation lasted thirty-six hours. At last, when he was quite done, he set every Spanish ship on fire, cut their cables, and let that whole great fleet, in one blazing, rocking mass of flame, drift down on the town. Then, without any loss to himself, he steered out of illuminated Cadiz Harbor and sailed into the open sea, having, as he expressed it, "singed the King of Spain's beard" to some purpose.

He had destroyed a great Spanish fleet "without losing a man or a boat," a feat which has remained unparalleled up to the war between the United States and Spain, when Admiral Dewey annihilated in Manila Harbor a Spanish fleet

without the loss of one man killed and with only a few wounded.

Meanwhile, the only English ship that had stayed outside of Cadiz Harbor was the *Lion,* with Vice-Admiral Brough on board. His ship had been hit only once, but he had no liking for the business. To do him justice, I believe that it was not fear of the Spaniards that kept him outside Cadiz Harbor, but fear of the queen. From Cadiz, Drake's squadron sailed on to Faro, and put in there to get water, which they needed badly. The only water in quantity enough to supply the fleet was protected by Spanish forts. Drake sent in his boats, stormed the forts, and took all the water he wanted. Then Brough began to make himself unpleasant again. He protested against all this. "The Queen's orders were that there should be no landing on Spanish soil." At Cadiz no one had landed, as there was no need to land. But this was rank disobedience. This last effort of Vice-Admiral Brough proved the proverbial last straw to Drake's patience. It gave way at last. He locked Brough up in his cabin, and—as Cassels remarks, with dry humor—"having left him there some time to address the furniture, sent him home to England to complain if he chose."

But the best ships of the Spanish navy lay in

the great harbor of the Tagus. There were fifty of them, the largest ships in the world, under command of the only Spanish seaman of real genius whom those days produced, the Marquis of Vera Cruz. Drake's squadron moved from Faro to the mouth of the Tagus, and there is no question but that Drake intended to attempt to repeat his exploit at Cadiz, by going in and attacking the enormously superior Spanish force in Tagus Harbor. If he had succeeded the Invincible Armada could never have sailed at all to invade England, for the simple reason that all its ships would have been destroyed, and it would have taken so long a period and cost such an immense sum to have built others as good that the whole project would certainly have fallen through.

But instead of going in at once, Drake sent a letter home to the queen asking "if he might be allowed to go in and prevent, once for all, the great invasion of England." He doubtless had strong reasons for this. For one thing he knew that he had directly disobeyed orders in his attack on Cadiz. He knew how he had treated Brough, and how certain Brough would be to do his utmost against him with the queen. Above all, he knew that nothing but the brilliant and unexampled success of his attack on the Spanish fleet at Cadiz had saved him from

serious trouble. He was aware of the enormous superiority of the Spanish force in Tagus Harbor, and he knew that if he went in without orders and failed, the fate that befell Sir Walter Raleigh, under James the First, in a somewhat similar case, would be his. In short, he knew he would fight with the axe suspended over his neck. Elizabeth sent back word at once forbidding Drake to enter. The letter must have been of the most decisive nature, for Drake at once gave up the most ardent wish of his heart and sailed for the Azores. Here Elizabeth's timidity and shifty policy went far to deeply injure, if not to ruin, the country she reigned over.

If she had consented the chances are that Drake would have repeated at the Tagus the devastation he worked in Cadiz Harbor, and gained one of the decisive naval victories of the world. And the chances, despite the enormous superiority in force of the Spaniards, were all in his favor. Cassels says: "Prodigious as were the odds against him, he had calculated, and rightly, as it afterwards turned out, that the great Spanish galleons had no fighting-crews on board; that their decks were crowded with landsmen, porters, and victuallers; that their sides were choked with hulks and lighters.

There was plenty of room, moreover, in the

Tagus for the little English ships to manœuvre, not enough room for the Spaniards even if they could have got their anchors up and set their canvas." To make the matter almost certain, we find Santa Cruz himself admitting that, "If Drake had gone in he himself could have done nothing for want of men." So a mighty opportunity was lost to complete the work so well begun at Cadiz, and at the same time to free England from every fear of Spanish invasion, and to cover her name with glory, and the chance was lost through the timidity—or worse—of "Lion-hearted Queen Bess."

Drake, as I have said, at once left Lisbon and sailed for the Azores. Since he was not to attack any more Spanish ports, he meant to fill the pockets of himself and his men. Before he reached the islands the "fortune" that proverbially "favors the bold" smiled once more upon him. On his way he fell in with the *San Philip,* and, after the usual short, sharp action customary when an English ship met a Spanish or Portuguese one, he took her. She was a splendid Portuguese carack from the East Indies, "so richly loaded that every man in the fleet counted his fortune made." Apart from the value of the prize, the taking of this ship was a noteworthy event, for the wealth found in her "first turned English attention to the riches

of India, and so led to the foundation of the great East India Company, and, in time, to the acquisition of India." Then they turned homewards, tolerably satisfied on the whole, after a cruise which, considering its length, was almost as remarkable as Drake's great voyage round the world, and even more damaging to the power of Spain.

Had it not been for the timid and wavering policy of the queen, there is little doubt but that Drake could have destroyed the entire Armada in Spanish waters, and thus stopped all fear of invasion at once. As it was, by burning and sinking a good half of the Spanish fleet, he postponed the sailing of the Armada at least a year, giving his country invaluable time to use in preparing for the great struggle. And when the Invincible Armada came to meet its doom in British waters every English sailor had already been taught by Drake and kindred heroes to await the Spanish onset with perfect confidence.

XIII

THE COMING OF THE ARMADA

How a Sea-rover Saved England

ON the night of the 18th of July, A.D. 1585, Thomas Fleming, master of a small privateer called the *Golden Hind,* probably after Drake's famous ship, was cruising off the Lizard on the lookout for the expected Spanish Armada. Down in the south, far away, he caught sight of a number of moving blots on the sea. He knew what they were, put his ship about at once, and ran for Plymouth Harbor with every sail set. By morning they were much nearer to him—a marvellous company of great ships—greater ships far than he had ever seen—stretching miles on miles over the sea. He was looking at the "tall black ships" of the Invincible Armada of Spain.

Fortunately for him the wind fell very light, favoring his small fore-and-aft-rigged ship; and though he was chased some time by the galleon *Pinta* and a smaller ship, he easily ran them out of sight. At four o'clock in the afternoon

of Friday, the 19th, he ran into Plymouth Bay with his news. Macaulay has described this incident in his stirring ballad:

"It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay.
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile;
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
And the tall *Pinta* till the noon had held her close in chase."

All that night there were hurry and preparation in Plymouth Harbor. And all that night the beacons blazed over the hills to tell the people of England that the Spaniard and England's hour of trial had come at last. The wind blew stiffly into the harbor, and only six ships were warped out that night, "the Lord Admiral hauling on a cable with his own hands."

"Next morning twenty-four ships warped out to join the Admiral," Froude says, and with these—though they were some of the smallest of the fleet—Howard and Drake stood out to engage the enemy, telling the others to follow, as they could get out of harbor, and tacking against a strong, contrary wind. Meanwhile the Spaniards were sailing slowly up the coast, feeling their way. At midnight they captured a fishing-boat, their first and last capture. From it they learned that the English

fleet had left Plymouth. When the late moon rose they saw sails creeping along between them and the land. When the morning dawned they saw the English fleet bearing down to engage them. The Armada was then between Rame Head and the Eddystone. Camden describes the awe-inspiring view which their great flotilla then presented: "With lofty turrets, like castles, in front like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles sailing very slowly, though with full sails; the winds being, as it were, weary of wafting them, and the ocean groaning under their weight."

Howard, with eleven ships, lay a little ahead, Drake, with the rest of the fleet, nearer inshore. In numbers the Spanish were over three to one; in size, their great galleons were as a frigate compared with a fishing-boat in comparison with the small English ships. Medina-Sidonia sailed on to separate the two English squadrons, with the full belief—a belief that was shared in by every man in his fleet—that every heretic ship would be taken or destroyed in an hour or two. He had to learn his first bitter lesson—one often repeated—of the superiority of the fore-and-aft rig of the English; the greater weight and handiness of their guns, and, above all, the marvellous accuracy of their fire and

their infinitely superior seamanship. "With the greatest ease" Howard reached away to windward and joined Drake. Then the whole united fleet sailed all down the Spanish rear, raking them with terrible effect with their heavier guns. The Spanish tried in vain to close. But this was not the English game just then with their small force. They chose their own positions, and pounded the great Spanish ships with comparative impunity. This first contest, unequal as it was, showed what the end would be. The Spanish then and for a long time afterwards fought with the courage, or, rather ferocity, which has distinguished that race up to the present day; but they were like children before the cool and disciplined valor of the Anglo-Saxon race. After a desperate conflict, which lasted till four o'clock in the afternoon, Medina-Sidonia had enough of it, and signalled to bear away up Channel, which the Spanish fleet did, the English hanging on their heels.

And now the effects of the English fire began to appear. The ship of Juan Martinez de Recalde, one of the Spanish vice-admirals, had been badly mauled by Drake. She was observed to be dropping behind, and, as Drake was bearing down on her she was in great danger of capture. Pedro de Valdez, in the

Capitana, wore round to help her, and in so doing fouled the *Santa Catalina* in turning, broke her foremast, and became helpless. She had, according to contemporary statements, vast treasure on board, including a chest of jewelled swords which Philip was sending over to the English Catholic peers. Medina-Sidonia must have been flurried indeed when he left that particular ship to her fate.

Our old acquaintance, Drake—the energetic and fortunate—(whose fortunes we are following as far as practicable) captured her. He took fifty thousand ducats out of her, which he shared among his men. "She also yielded a welcome supply of gunpowder." This significant quotation shows that even the vice-admiral, in the very first contest, was already beginning to run short of ammunition. The hulk of this galleon was towed into Weymouth, "to the great joy of the beholders."

The Spanish had another great misfortune that night. A mysterious quarrel broke out on board the ship of Vice-Admiral Oquendo, while he was away remonstrating with Medina-Sidonia against the abandonment of the *Capitana.* Somehow during this quarrel the magazine was blown up. This seems to point to a strange state of discipline in the Spanish fleet. The survivors abandoned the ship, whose upper

works were blown away, "leaving fifty poor fellow-countrymen miserably hurt." This ship, a Biscayan of eight hundred tons, was picked up by Lord Thomas Howard and Hawkins next day and given to Thomas Fleming—the man who had first sighted the Armada—to tow into Weymouth. So ended the first contest, where the Invincible Armada had to retreat before a third of its number (all little ships), and lost two of the finest vessels in its array.

On the occasion of the next encounter (which took place on the 23d of July off Portland) a wind sprang up from the northeast, giving the Spanish the weather-gage of the English. That is, they had Howard between themselves and a lee shore, and thought that they had got him at last. But, to their amazement, they found that when there was any wind to speak of, the English could take their vessels almost anywhere they pleased, and sail round the big Spaniards, who vainly tried to come to close quarters and utilize their enormous superiority in numbers. Then, too, appeared the fatal defects of the Spanish guns, as regards ability to depress or traverse them. Their shot sped more or less harmlessly through the English rigging; while the English "hulled" their powerful but unwieldy opponents every shot, killing men and dismounting cannon, and mak-

ing their ships like sieves. The fearfully unseaworthy condition of the Spanish Armada, when driven at last to its awful voyage round Scotland and Ireland, testifies conclusively to the accuracy of the English fire. At sunset the fighting ceased, as the English powder gave out. It gave out far too often during that historic contest; and the Spaniards were saved more than once, as we shall see, by the culpable parsimony of Queen Elizabeth and her government.

In this engagement, which was fiercer even than the first one, the Spaniards had much the worst of it. They lost one great Venetian ship and several smaller ones. They also lost forever all confidence in their leaders. On the English side, it is related, "that one William Cox, Captain of the small pinnace named the *Delight,* died with honor in the midst of his enemies." This was the only English vessel lost during the whole of the great struggle. Next day there was—providentially for the English—a dead calm; and this day was accordingly well employed in getting in what supplies could be obtained of the indispensable powder. All day, in the breathless calm, boats were plying to the shore for supplies of it; "the want of which," says an old chronicler, with much significance, "ministered displeasure, if not suspicion, to many that a scarcity

should be found on our coast." On that day, too, a council of war was held, and the English fleet was divided into four squadrons, under the command "of four most skilful navigators." Lord Howard, in the *Ark Royal,* led the first. Our hero, Sir Francis Drake, in the *Revenge,* led the second. Hawkins, in the *Victory* (a name afterwards made still more famous by Nelson), led the third; and Frobisher, in the *Triumph* (the largest and most powerful ship in the English fleet), led the fourth.

On the morning of the 25th, the Armada being now abreast of the Isle of Wight—after a furious onset by Hawkins on the *Santa Ana,* Recalde's flag-ship, which, though rescued for the time by some galleasses, parted company from her fellows, and helplessly drifted over to Havre, where she was wrecked—Howard, in the *Ark Royal,* with a faint wind to help him, led his ship straight down on the Spanish centre. The four admirals had resolved the day before that the time for close fighting was come. The *Ark Royal* had outsailed the rest, and when the wind dropped, as it did, found herself alone, with galleons all around her. For a time she was in the greatest danger of capture, and only saved herself by the most determined fighting, till, after awhile, a light breeze rose. Then up came Drake in the *Re-*

venge, then Lord Thomas Howard in the *Lyon,* Sir Robert Southwell in the *Elizabeth Jonas,* Hawkins in the *Victory,* Frobisher in the *Triumph,* George Fenner in the Galleon *Leicester,* Lord Sheffield in the *White Bear,* and other brave sea-captains.

Then a furious battle at short range took place, and the fight rolled up the Channel, for the English had fairly got the Spaniards on the run at last. The white cliffs from Dungeness Point to Dover reverberated with the furious cannonading, as the intermingled fleet, exchanging murderous broadsides at pistol-shot distance, sailed slowly down the coast. "All this day the Spaniards went before the English army like sheep," says Winter. Then the English powder gave out, as usual, and Medina-Sidonia, with the loss of three more ships, was glad fairly to turn his back on England, and run for Calais, where he hoped to communicate with the Duke of Parma. It was the day of his patron saint, too (St. Dominic), and he had counted on better luck.

On Saturday, the 27th of July, Medina-Sidonia managed to bring his fleet to anchor off Calais. He had, at any rate, this consolation after all his troubles—*viz.,* that he had carried out Philip's orders and had brought the Armada in touch with Parma.

But, to his consternation, a messenger brought word that Parma's army could not embark for a fortnight. "The troops were in camp. The flat-bottomed boats were not in a condition for sea. The arms and stores were being piled up on the quays of Dunkirk. The duke must wait a little and see meanwhile to the safety of his fleet."

But this was not all. Scarcely were his anchors down, when the English fleet—now reenforced by Seymour's and Winter's east coast squadrons, came in sight and brought up half a league astern of him. The Spanish leader was in a really bad situation now. He was in a dangerous roadstead, especially for cumbrous ships like his, and he knew enough of the English to be certain they would not leave him unmolested long, but would take some means or other to make their presence felt.

His anticipations were soon realized. Within thirty hours after the Spaniards had anchored off Calais, on a pitch-dark night, with a light westerly wind blowing, Howard took eight of his worst ships, emptied them of their guns and equipment, filled them with every kind of combustible, smeared their sides with pitch, resin, and gunpowder, applied the torch to them, and sent them down on the Spanish fleet. The great columns of flame that rose

from the fire-ships lit up the harbor and town of Calais, and showed each ship of the two fleets as clearly as at noonday. This portentous light struck a wild panic into the souls of the Spanish, and seems to have deprived them of all reason and common-sense. Cassels says, in explanation of this, "Fire-ships had proved deadly to the Spaniards before this, when the bridge of Antwerp was blown up." At any rate, a fearful cry, "The fire of Antwerp!" rang through the Spanish fleet.

Instead of sending out boats to try and grapple the fire-ships, which might have been done, they cut their cables, by the Duke de Medina-Sidonia's orders (he seems to have quite lost his head too), and, huddled together like a flock of frightened birds, stood out to sea. The fire-ships burned harmlessly down to the water's edge, and Medina-Sidonia was congratulating himself, when the morning broke and changed his views. In its wild flight the fleet had divided into two bodies. The *San Martin* (Medina-Sidonia's ship) and about forty of the best galleons had anchored about a league outside the harbor. The remainder, comprising at least two-thirds of the Armada—probably because they had no second anchors—had been lying to in the darkness. They knew little of the coast, and were, besides, not in a sufficient

cool frame of mind to think of other dangers than those which threatened them from the dreaded fire-ships. So they had drifted on and on to leeward, and were now two leagues away towards Gravelines and its sand-banks, and they were dangerously near a very bad lee shore. In fact, one great galleon, the *Capitana,* with eight hundred men on board, had gone aground and fallen over on her side. The English Admiral, Lord Thomas Howard, in the *Ark Royal,* was already making short work of her.

But Drake and his old comrade Hawkins had recognized the fact that the time for picking up isolated ships was over, and that now or never was the moment to settle with the Invincible Armada. That intuitive perception of this decisive moment—the moment to strike, and strike home—which marks the great admiral or general inspired Drake that morning. From that time and during this last great action he was the undoubted real leader of the English fleet, and Howard, brave man and good seaman that he was, took a comparatively inferior place. He saw that the enemy was broken up. He saw they could not get together again, for, as wind and tide stood it was impossible for Medina-Sidonia's stragglers to rejoin him. So, with the whole English fleet behind him, Drake swooped down on the un-

fortunate duke and his forty ships—on the flower of the Great Armada.

There was no more fighting at long range. Sailing round and round the Spaniards, till they had the mass of great galleons "huddled together like sheep," the English, fighting with a fury and constancy seldom witnessed, poured in their destructive broadsides faster and faster as the morning wore on. "We had such advantage," reports Lord Monmouth, one of the captains who fought that day, "both of wind and tide that we had a glorious day of them, continuing fight from four o'clock in the morning till five or six at night." Let us do justice to the Spaniards in this last battle. Then, as in our day, they fought with a courage, or, rather ferocity, we cannot help admiring. Then, as in our day, they were, notwithstanding this, like infants in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon seamen. "Never," says Froude, "on sea or on land did the Spaniards show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day."

But their shots flew high over the English ships, while, as before, the English "hulled" them every time. Still, not a galleon struck her colors. Cassels relates "that one was on the point of sinking when the attacking English Captain, admiring their courage, ran out upon

his bowsprit and urged them to 'surrender and save their lives.'" The Spanish answer to this piece of generosity was instantly to shoot the English captain. That shot was answered by a broadside which sent them to the bottom. Several more sank soon after. The *San Philip* and the *San Matteo* were drifting helplessly toward the Dutch coast, to be wrecked there. The *San Martin* (Medina-Sidonia's flag-ship) had lost half her ship's company. Woe and desolation were falling on the "Most Fortunate Armada." Blood was seen pouring from the scuttle-holes of many galleons. And at last, too, their powder began to give out, and many slackened fire. If the English had had a little more ammunition—enough to protract the fight—the Spaniards must have all struck or gone ashore. As it was, the English had to draw off at midnight with scarcely a single cartridge left in their whole fleet. At any rate, it seemed impossible for the crippled Spaniards to work off the shoals against the northwest wind which was then blowing. The wind, however, in the night changed to the south, and they managed to get out to sea with seventy of their ships "still little hurt." Then occurred the "brag that Drake put on," as he expressed it, for he and Howard chased them again, though there was absolutely no ammunition for a battle in the fleet.

Cassels distinctly says that this game of bluff or "brag" on Drake's part was nearly successful; that Diego Florez advised the duke to surrender; and that a boat was actually lowered to go off to Howard and Drake to make terms, when Oquendo, one of the best of Spanish admirals, swore "that if the boat left on such an errand, he with his own hands would pitch Florez into the sea." The *Admiral Oquendo,* one of the iron-clads of Cervera's squadron sunk by the United States fleet under Sampson and Schley in 1898, was named after this brave man.

So the Spaniards fled northward—for a flight it now was—and Howard, leaving Seymour to keep an eye on Parma's force, followed them close through the North Sea as far as the Firth of Forth in Scotland, where he left them to continue what proved a most appalling voyage; for by far the worst of the troubles of these unhappy Spaniards was yet to come. In these dangerous seas the great Spanish fleet wandered helpless and despairing. The hulls of many were unseaworthy and leaking with the English shot. The men had no proper clothing for those cold northern latitudes. Food was scarce; their water-supply almost exhausted. They threw all their mules and horses overboard, though why they did not keep some of them, at any rate, to serve for food *in ex-*

tremis is hard to understand. At any rate, as Charles Kingsley relates in *Westward Ho,* "for a whole day the wild northern sea echoed with the shrieks of drowning horses." The Scotch fishermen who followed the retreat reported they had sailed for miles through floating carcasses. They kept together for a long while, for the Armada certainly sailed between the Orkneys and the Faroes in a single body.

But after this a great storm came up, followed by fog, and "the Most Fortunate Armada" was scattered to the four winds of heaven. How far apart they were driven may be understood from the fact that two ships of the Armada were wrecked on the coast of Norway and two in the Hebrides. Some few straggled back to the Channel, for two were taken off Rochelle, and one, a great galleass, off Havre. But it was on the Irish coast that the most dreadful wrecks and destruction took place. Between thirty and forty ships were tempted in on the Irish coast by Cape Clear, but a storm from the southwest overtook them, and strewed the whole shore between Donegal and the Blaskets with wrecks. It was a common sight in those days, on the wild western coast of Ireland, to see three or four great black ships looming through the fog and striving hard with the furious seas and southwest gales to keep off the land. Then.

at last, in spite of the efforts of her swarthy, enfeebled crew, one great ship after another would strike on the rocks and reefs that line this dangerous shore, and with a cry to every saint in heaven from the unhappy Spaniards would fill and go down.

The half-drowned Spaniards who did get ashore were butchered by the wild Irish literally by hundreds. Of the whole great Invincible Armada, which set out with such pride and confidence to the conquest of England, Medina-Sidonia led back—or, rather, had straggle back after him—fifty-three ships. Of the thirty thousand men and more who sailed under his command, nine thousand only came back; and it is related "that these were so sick and weak that many of them burst into tears when they saw the houses of Bilbao, and felt once more the warm Spanish sun." Medina-Sidonia went back to his orange-trees, where Drake had said he would send him. But Recalde died two days after landing. Oquendo went to his home at Santander, refused to see his wife and children, and shutting himself in his room, turned his face to the wall and died of a broken heart. The ignominy and disgrace of their utter and terrible defeat had broken the proud spirit of this brave and celebrated Spanish hidalgo. King Philip of Spain, in one respect, behaved

with dignity. He received the calamity as a dispensation of Providence, saying "that he sent his forces out to fight with men—not with the winds and waves."

He also pensioned the widows and orphans, and commanded thanks to be given throughout Spain to God and the saints that the loss was no greater. This was certainly putting a good face on the matter, and is the most memorable instance of gratitude for small mercies we can find in all history. Having done this, however, he set to work to convince the other Continental nations that he had not been beaten at all—quite the contrary. He spread it abroad that the English fleet had been destroyed, that the *Ark Royal,* with Howard on board, had been taken, and, above all, that Sir Francis Drake had been killed. These somewhat erroneous statements called forth a pamphlet from English hands, bearing the vigorous title of "A Pack of Spanish Lies." A part of it, at any rate, was written by Sir Francis Drake.

In this, his first and last attempt at authorship, the great sailor tells the true history of the defeat of the Armada in language as energetic as his method of fighting. He tells King Philip how "his ships were hunted from Plymouth to Portland, from Portland to Calais; how they were frightened from their anchor-

age at Calais by squibs, and chased away into the North Sea; how the only Spaniards that landed in England came before the Queen with fetters on their hands and halters round their necks; to be dismissed through her clemency, beggers to their own country," and finally, "that the great Spanish Armada had been chased round the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, without taking so much as an English pinnace, or burning one barn or dove-cote in her Majesty's dominions."

Her Majesty, by-the-way, evidently considered "that a good action was its own reward;" for she did not bestow a single honor on any one of the heroic seamen—from the Lord High Admiral down—who had by their unparalleled bravery and ability saved her crown, the realm of England, and Protestant Europe.

The captured Spanish banners were hung up in St. Paul's, there was a solemn service of thanksgiving, in which the queen was the conspicuous figure; a medal was struck bearing the words, *Flavit Deus, et dissipati sunt,* and that was all.

Notwithstanding this, the great struggle gave England her empire on the sea; and England owes this to Sir Francis Drake. He was the real commander in the contest, and showed it by coming to the front at decisive moments.

From this great victory dates England's maritime greatness a—greatness the seeds of which crossed the Atlantic with the first colonists of America, and has since expanded there to such glory on the sea.

Many probably—some certainly—of the descendants of the men who fought the Spaniards under Drake, Hawkins, and Howard then, fought in 1898 under Dewey, Sampson, and Schley. Green, in his *History of the English People,* says, most wisely, "Philip lost then more than a great fleet and army, he lost his empire over the sea; and with this Spain slowly but surely lost her vast Colonial Empire." No country can hold extensive colonial possessions without a complete mastery over the sea—without naval supremacy over all other nations, in short. That naval supremacy now belongs to the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race; and that it may continue theirs is devoutly to be hoped by all true lovers of freedom, for it will prove the surest guarantee of peace and civilization throughout the world.

XIV

CAPTAIN KIDD

An Overrated Pirate

OF all the pirates whose dreaded top-sails appeared along the coast of America in the old days of the colonies none has left a more grewsome and romantic reputation behind him than Captain William Kidd, the New York ship-master, who was born in 1650. Legends abound of his boldness, his craftiness, and his savage and blood-thirsty disposition, and stories of the immense treasure that he accumulated, the dreadful murders that he committed in its acquisition, and when and with what ghastly accompaniments he buried it are still told over the firesides of 'longshore hamlets from Maine to the Carolinas.

Fiction has not neglected to turn this pirate's career to its own purpose, and one of Poe's most imaginative and thrilling tales is based upon the discovery on Sullivan's Island, in Charleston Harbor (South Carolina), of a parchment which, on being held to the fire, re-

vealed a cryptogram of Kidd's that led to the discovery of buried wealth amounting to millions of dollars.

It seems almost a pity to tamper with the halo of romance and mystery which posterity has drawn about this worthy's brow, but the fact is that Kidd was an unready, unwise, and vacillating character, and that there was little truth in the romances told about him. Beside such dreadfully famous buccaneers as Blackbeard, Roberts, and Avery he appears a pygmy in his own "profession," and his career, when contrasted with theirs, seems colorless and contemptible.

As to the vast riches that he was supposed to have acquired, it is doubtful if in his whole course of piracy he was able to accumulate more than a hundred thousand dollars. One thing is assured—the only money that he buried on the coast of America amounted to not more than seventy-five thousand dollars, which he hid on Gardiner's Island, over against New London, and the last penny of this was recovered by Bellamont after Kidd's execution.

During King William's War Kidd, who was a handsome man of somewhat pleasing address, made the acquaintance of Lord Bellamont, the Governor of Barbadoes. The two were in New York at the time of the meeting, and as Kidd

was a member of a good family and moved in the limited aristocratic circle of that day, the new acquaintances saw much of each other. Kidd's plausible tongue, fund of anecdote, and agreeable manner impressed the Governor so pleasantly that his liking for the shipman developed into esteem, and esteem into friendship. Through Bellamont's influence Kidd obtained command of a privateer, and a series of lucky events contributed to his reputation, so that when he returned to New York, after his cruise in the Gulf, Bellamont and his other fine friends hailed him with adulation as a conquering hero. He was wined and fêted, was toasted by prominent men and noble dames, and over many a steaming bowl and long-stemmed pipe loosed his glib speech in a way to impress his hearers with a fine notion of his indomitable character. Through the thick clouds of the Virginia tobacco smoke a great idea was born in Bellamont's hazy brain. Complaints were made daily of the pirates that infested the shores of the colonies. These pirates were rich with plunder. True, they were skilful and bold and crafty, but here was a man who by his own confession was more skilful and bolder and craftier than any of them. Then, should Kidd be fitted out with a fine ship and a good crew to chase these pirates and capture them,

great glory would come to Bellamont's name, and great good to Bellamont's pocket.

The idea was acted upon, and the Governor and some other wealthy gentlemen purchased the *Adventure* galley, equipped her, and armed her with thirty carronades, while Kidd went down among the docks and the sailors' lodging-houses, picking out for his crew sturdy two-handed mariners, men long of the sea, blowzed by the weather, browned by the wind, used to the pike and cutlass—men like ducks on the shore and like monkeys in the rigging.

The ship was fitted out at Plymouth, and the great day of the sailing arrived at last. The *Adventure* pushed out into the stream Kidd smirking and bowing and striking attitudes on the quarter-deck, the busy sailors swarming aloft to loose sail, the good ship heeling over farther and farther as canvas after canvas was spread to a quartering breeze, and an assemblage of fine ladies and gorgeous beaux waving scarfs and fluttering handkerchiefs from the end of the pier.

Armed with a commission from King William to apprehend the noted Captains "Thomas Tew, John Ireland, Thomas Wake, and William Maze, or Mace, and other subjects, natives or inhabitants of New York and elsewhere in our plantations in America, who have associ-

ated with others, wicked and ill-disposed persons, and do, against the laws of nations, commit many and great piracies, robberies, and depredations on the seas, upon the parts of America and in other parts, to the great danger of our loving subjects, our allies, and all others navigating the seas upon their lawful occasions," he steered from New York on his way to the Guinea coast, where his hunt was to begin. By the terms of his commission he was to take the aforenamed pirates by force if necessary, with all the pirates, freebooters, and rovers associated with them, wherever they were found. He was to bring them into port, with all such merchandise, money, goods, and wares as should be discovered on board. But he was strictly charged and commanded, "As you will answer the contrary at your peril, that you do not in any manner offend or molest our friends or allies, their ships or subjects, by whom or pretence of these presents or the authority thereby granted."

Kidd had another commission, called Letters of Marque and Reprisal, to empower him to act against the French, with whom the English and their colonies were then at war, and under cover of these he captured a French merchantman off Fire Island on his way westward.

Upon arriving at New York he began to re-

quest more assistance from his owners, complained of the size of his ship and his few guns, and, as he "proposed to deal with a desperate enemy," asked permission to increase his complement. This was granted, after some hesitation, and he finally sailed from New York with a ship's company of one hundred and fifty-five men.

He made first for Madeira, thence to one of the Cape Verde Islands, and thence to St. Jago, in order to lay in salt provisions and other necessaries. He then rounded the Cape and bent his course towards Madagascar, whose waters were the known rendezvous of swarms of pirates. On the way he fell in with three English men-of-war, to whose commodore he imparted his errand with much pomp and circumstance. He dined aboard the flag-ship, and left behind him the same reputation for dare-devil recklessness and determination that his valiant speech had obtained for him elsewhere.

He parted with these ships after a few days, and arrived at Madagascar in February, 1697, after a voyage of nine months.

At this time most of the pirate ships were out in search of prey, so, having spent some time in watering his ship and taking aboard provisions, Kidd tried the coast of Malabar where

he was equally unsuccessful in finding his quarry. He touched at Mohila and at Johanna, both famous resorts for pirates, but he did not succeed even in getting news of those whom he sought. The reason seemed obvious —the pirate of those days was a dangerous man to tackle. He had guns, and he knew how to use them; he fought with a halter round his neck, and was game to the last gasp. He was in the habit of beating the King's ships sent to take him, and he had a bending plank through the lee gangway for their captured officers. A fat, rich merchantman was an easier victim. Why not sound the crew to see if they would agree to a change of policy?

Some such thoughts must have been passing through Kidd's mind at this time, for with the gift of a brass farthing he could have purchased from the most guileless and affectionate native of Mohila or Johanna his entire confidence as to the whereabouts of his friends the sea-rovers, and yet after a cruise of many months in this infested neighborhood Kidd had no tidings of a single pirate craft.

But however disposed towards acts of violence, he had not yet the courage to put his wishes into execution. On his second voyage past the island of Mohila he passed several Indian ships, richly laden and too weak to offer

him resistance, but he contented himself with casting envious eyes upon them and suffered them to go.

The first outrage that he committed was at Mabbee, in the Red Sea, where, after careening his ship, he took some corn from the natives by force. After this he sailed to Babs Key, near the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, where he first began to open himself to the ship's company, and to disclose to them his change of policy. But instead of coming out like a man and saying that he intended to turn to piracy, he hinted and insinuated and beat about the bush. "Unlucky have we been hitherto; but courage, my lads, we'll make our fortunes out of the Mocha fleet." This was the closest his pygmy heart could come to broaching the subject that occupied his mind. But his mariners met him more than half-way, and he found himself committed to buccaneering before he knew it. By the advice of his quartermaster (the first mate or executive officer of those days) he sent a boat to go upon the coast and make discoveries, while he himself kept men in the tops of the *Adventure* to look out for the Mocha fleet.

The boat returned in a few days, bringing word that fifteen or a score of ships were about ready to sail, and that they were well laden and rich.

Four days after this the fleet appeared; the eager lookouts reported them, and the men rushed to the sheets and halyards, guns and ammunition-lockers.

Now was Kidd's opportunity to dash in, seize a valuable prize, and get off with her; but he hung off and on, perplexed between timidity and cupidity, until by the time he had made up his mind to put his fortune to the touch his prey became alarmed and began to scatter. He then bore down on the nearest; but by this time he had been sighted by the two men-of-war of the convoy, and the sight of their black hulls speeding towards him, straight and steady and business-like through the flying merchantmen, was enough for Kidd. He fired a feeble shot or two, squared his yards, and made off before the wind for dear life, while the crew silently handled their tackle, and indulged in I know not what contemptuous thoughts of their commander.

But by the act of firing upon a friendly flag Kidd had determined his status; there was nothing for him now but to go on with his pirating. Soon he had an opportunity to show that desperate courage of which, by his own account, he was possessed. Off the coast of Malabar he met a small Moorish coasting-vessel. Having discovered that she was short-

handed and unarmed, he became terrible indeed. He seized her and forced her Captain and quartermaster to take on with him as pilot and interpreter, the Captain being an Englishman, and the other, Don Antonio, a Portuguese. The men he used cruelly, hoisting them up by the arms, drubbing them with a bare cutlass, and putting them to other tortures to force them to disclose the whereabouts of their treasure; but all he got from them was a parcel of coffee and a bale of pepper.

He then touched at Malabar, but finding himself an object of suspicion he quickly went away.

The coast was alarmed by this time, however, and a Portuguese man-of-war was sent out after him. Kidd fought her for a while in a half-hearted way, but, though she was his inferior in men and metal, he soon had enough of honest combat, and got off by his superior speed.

He next ran down to Porca, where he took on board a number of hogs and other live-stock for provisions, and paid for them in good British silver. He also watered his ship and otherwise provided for his ship's company.

He then stood to sea again, and came up with a Moorish craft, the master of which, a Dutchman named Schipper Mitchell, hoisted French

colors, as Kidd chased under that flag. The pirates hailed in French, and were answered in the same tongue by a Frenchman who was one of Mitchell's passengers. Kidd then ordered the Dutchman to send a boat on board, and when it arrived at his gangway he asked the Frenchman if he had a pass for himself. The passenger replied that he had, whereupon Kidd told him to pass for the Captain, "For, by Heaven, you are the Captain, and if you say you're not I'll hang you!"

The Frenchman of course dared not refuse to do as he was ordered.

The object of the manœuvre is apparent. Kidd had not the pluck to go on openly with his high-sea robbery, but fancied that if he seized the ship as a prize, pretending that she belonged to French subjects, he would get into no trouble on account of her. He did not seem to take into account the fact that his previous conduct had already stamped him as a criminal, but appeared to think that as long as he did not openly hoist the black flag he might do as he liked with impunity. Indeed, his whole career as a sea-robber consisted of similar acts of fatuous and ostrich-like stupidity.

He landed on one of the Malabar islands for wood and water, and as his cooper was murdered by the natives he plundered and burned

their village. He took one of the islanders and had him tied to a tree and shot, after which he again put to sea in quest of prizes. After being at sea less than a week he fell in with and captured the greatest prize that ever fell into his hands, the Moorish bark *Quedah Merchant,* of four hundred tons. From this vessel he got a cargo which he sold for more than ten thousand pounds.

The Indians came on board of him and trafficked, and he performed his bargains punctually for a time, until he was ready to sail; and then he took their goods and set them on shore with no payment, which was quite in accord with his despicable character. The Indians had been accustomed to deal with pirates, and had found them, as a rule, men of honor in the way of trade, so it was easy for Kidd to impose upon them.

The pirate put some men aboard of the *Quedah Merchant,* and in her company sailed for Madagascar. He had no sooner arrived there than off came a canoe in which were several old acquaintances of his who had long been "upon the account," as they called buccaneering. They belonged to a ship called the *Resolution,* which was commanded by one Culliford, a notorious sea-robber. When they met Kidd they told him that they were informed he had

come to hang them, which they would take very unkind in such an old friend. Kidd dissipated their fears by telling them that he was in every respect their brother, and as bad as they, and in token of amity drank their health in a bowl of grog.

Kidd then went aboard, Culliford promising his friendship and assistance; and Culliford in turn boarded Kidd, and the two worthies made a merry night of it in the cabin of the *Adventure,* spinning their yarns of the deep seas and laughing at their enemies; and as Culliford was in need of some necessaries, Kidd fitted him out from his spare tackle.

The *Adventure* was now so leaky that Kidd transferred her guns and stores to the *Quedah Merchant* and got to sea again, but not before more than half of his disgusted crew had left him.

He touched at Amboyan, and there learned that the news of his conduct had reached England and that he was outlawed. Indeed, the reports of his misdeeds were so exaggerated that the English merchants became greatly alarmed, and had Kidd, with one Captain Avery, excepted in a general pardon of freebooters which had just been promulgated. Kidd knew nothing of this, but relying on some French passes which he had found on one or two of his

prizes, and deeming his brazen assurance enough to carry him through any peril from the law, he made for New York. Here, by the orders of Lord Bellamont, he was promptly seized, with all of his effects, and was sent to England to be tried.

Here his conduct was such as to destroy the last shreds of respect that one might have had for his character. Instead of meeting his fate like a man, he begged and implored and whined and promised, but all to no avail.

He insisted much upon his own innocence and the villainy of his men. He went out upon a laudable employment, he said, and had no occasion to go pirating, but the men mutinied against him and did as they pleased. As to the friendship shown to that notorious villain Culliford, Kidd denied it, and said that he would have taken him, but his own men, being a parcel of rogues, refused to stand by him, and several of them even ran from his ship to join the wicked pirate.

But the evidence was too strong against him, and he was condemned.

When asked what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he replied that he had nothing to say except that he had been sworn against by wicked people; and when sentence was pronounced he said: "My

lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part, I am the most innocent person of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons."

And so, in 1701, whining and protesting miserably, he was led away to the scaffold, and there paid the penalty of his crimes.

XV

HOWARD THE BUCCANEER

A Captain of Many Ships

IN the days when high-sterned galleons sailed the Spanish Main, keelless and lofty, and helpless in the wind's eye; when all the sailors wore their tarry queues and ear-rings; when "Down along the coast of the high Barbaree" there was no law but that of the Moorish buccaneer, a young man in the peaceful British hamlet of Barwich reached the age of twenty-one.

Thomas Howard was a youth of promise and capacity. He was handsome, burly, popular, and generous, and always ready for any adventure. His father, a gentleman of rank and estate, was dead, but his doting mother lavished upon him an affection as blind as it was deep, supplied him with an excess of pocket-money, and left no wish of his ungratified. The result is readily imagined. His old amiability deserted him, and he sank into a savage discontent

that found expression in numerous acts of roguery and violence.

As he grew worse and worse, an old friend of his father's persuaded him to seek employment upon the seas, and purchased him a berth as midshipman on a trading-craft bound from Liverpool to the West Indies.

A few months of sea discipline shattered young Howard's patience, and upon his arrival at Jamaica he promptly deserted his ship.

He had still a few pounds left of his fortune, and with these he purchased admittance to the society of a gang of ruffians who frequented the beaches. One night, with some of these, he stole a canoe and went to the Grand Camanas to join a party of others of their ilk who lurked thereabouts with the design of going "on the account."

They soon fell in with those whom they sought, and, as the party now numbered twenty, they deemed themselves strong enough to set to their work, and accordingly began their preparations. At a council held the night when this decision was reached, the question of the election of officers came up; the men seemed about evenly divided in their choice of a captain between Howard and a tall islander named James. The latter was finally elected by a vote of ten

to eight, while Howard was chosen quartermaster.

Their first need was a boat; in the offing at anchor lay a turtle-sloop with two small swivels mounted fore and aft. She was the very craft for their purpose, but how were they to get her?

Close inshore on the other side of an estuary a mile wide Howard remembered seeing a large canoe moored in the light of a patrol's camp-fire. He and two others swam over to her, cut her line with their sheath-knives, and brought her away without discovery.

The robbers then boarded her, and, with two men forward and two aft handling the paddles, the rest concealed behind the high bulwarks, stole out silently towards the turtle-vessel. The nature of their craft was not perceived until they were alongside their victim, when, with a yell, they burst from their concealment and made their capture without losing a man. They then started out for booty, but for a long time their only prizes were turtlers, which supplied them with men without increasing their wealth. After about two weeks they met an Irish brigantine with provisions and servants for the Governor of Jamaica. They laid her aboard, captured her without resistance, forced her men, and made off with her, leaving her master the old turtle-sloop and five men to bring

him to port. Not long after this they surprised a sloop of six guns, and finding her larger, faster, and sounder than the brigantine, they shifted to her with their belongings. This was the third time within two months that they had changed their vessel, but still the game of "Progressive Piracy" went on. Off the coast of Virginia they fell in with a large New England brigantine laden with provisions and bound for Barbadoes. They made a prize of her, and shifting their own guns aboard of her, found themselves in a fine vessel of ten guns well equipped for a long voyage.

While on the coast of Virginia in this ship they took several English vessels, from which they got men, arms, provisions, clothes, and other necessaries. As most of these ships had on board felons for the Virginia colonies, they took from them a number of volunteers besides their forced men, and they soon acquired so large a complement that they had no hesitation in ranging up to and boarding a Virginia galley of superior size and twenty-four guns. They got a number of convict volunteers from her, transferred their stores to her, and set out to sweep the seas in earnest. They steered for the Guinea coast, that Mecca of pirates, and made many captures, which not only enriched them but increased their complement. After

they had been for some months on this ground they spied a large Portuguese ship from Brazil, whose thirty-six guns did not frighten them from the attack.

As they hoisted the black flag the Brazilian Captain became overpowered with fear, commanded the quartermaster to strike, and sought safety for himself in the hold. His mate, however, a New-Englander, refused to surrender, and kept off the pirates for the better part of the afternoon. His resistance was strong and well sustained, but the Portuguese finally fled from the deck, leaving him with only thirty men—English, French, and Dutch—and he was obliged to ask for quarter. The pirates then went down the coast in their newly acquired ship and made several prizes, some of which they burned and some of which they sank. As they now mustered nearly two hundred men, the only ones that they forced from captured crews were carpenters, calkers, and surgeons, whose services they needed greatly.

Off the Cape of Good Hope they took two Spanish brigantines, in whose company they proceeded, until they ran the *Alexander* ashore on a small island north of Madagascar, where she stuck fast.

The Captain being sick in bed, the men went ashore on the island and carried off provisions

and water to lighten the ship, on board of which none but the Captain, the quartermaster (Howard), and all others were left.

This was too good a chance for the exercise of Howard's love of treachery. He brought the faster of the two brigantines alongside, tumbled all the treasure into her, scuttled the other, and made off with twenty men and two hundred thousand pounds, leaving the rest of his shipmates to shake their impotent fists and roar maledictions after his diminishing sail.

After rounding the Cape, Howard and his fellows went into a fine harbor on the east side of Madagascar hardly known to European vessels. Here they buried most of the treasure, and for a short time enjoyed the luxury of shore life. Wood and water were abundant, game plentiful, and the waters swarmed with edible fish.

It was pleasant to the pirate, after his long trick afloat, to lie on the yellow sands under the shade of palm and mango and tamarind trees and see the slow surf breaking gently on the beach. In his nostrils was the odor of orange and spice; golden sunbirds and crimson cockatoos nested above him, gaudy butterflies floated about him, and in the shallow waters of the still lagoons were long-legged curlew, busy kingfishers, and wild duck with tenderly shaded

plumes. Behind him the tropical jungles blazed gloriously with trees of blooming scarlet and flaring yellow, about which twined gorgeous creepers of dark purple, and from whose leafy depths came the chattering of monkeys and the twittering of inumerable birds. Far off he could hear the smothered thunder of lofty falls, near at hand the plashing of rivulets, and seaward the deep voice of the Indian Ocean. The Malagasy women brought him cooling fruits from the mountains, the hunters came back laden with the flesh of wild cattle and pigs and great, feathery bunches of waterfowl, and the native king sent down to him rice and bananas, maize and manioc, from the rich store of his harvest.

After but a month of this happy shore life they set sail, and running down the coast of Africa met the English ship *Prosperous,* which they captured by a night attack. The *Prosperous* was a large, well-found ship of sixteen guns, and well suited to Howard's purpose, so he transferred his crew and stores to her and sailed to Maritan. They found there a number of shipwrecked pirates, who, with some of the *Prosperous's* crew, took on with them, and increased their complement to seventy men.

They next steered for St. Mary's, where they wooded, watered, and shipped more hands.

Here they had an invitation from one Ort van Tyle, a sturdy Dutch trader of social ambition, to attend the christening of two of his children. He received them with hospitality and civility, but they had no sooner entered his house than they began to plunder it, and Van Tyle protesting, they took him prisoner, and designed to hang him, but one of the pirates aided him to escape and he took to the woods. Here he met some of his black; he armed them, and formed an ambush on a scrubby island where the river channel was narrow. The pirates came down in their canoe and Howard's pinnace, laughing and shouting, bringing with them the booty of the looted house and some captives, whom they set at the paddles. The canoe was overturned in the rapids just as they came abreast of the ambush, and the captives swam ashore and escaped, while the pirates clung to the sides of Howard's boat. As they drifted by, Van Tyle let drive at them, and in a shower of musket-balls, arrows, and assagais the helpless pirates were swept back to their ships, dismally howling with rage and mortification. In this affair two of Howard's men were killed, while he was shot through the arm, and two others were seriously wounded.

He then sailed to Mathelage, where he designed to victual for a West-Indian cruise, but

he found there a large Dutch merchantman of forty guns, whose captain curtly told Howard to get out or he'd fall foul of him. Howard's recent experience with Dutchmen had been unpleasant, so, as his vessel was not strong enough to cope with the Amsterdamer, he made sail for Mayotta, and passed down the bay amid a volley of gibes, jeers, and ingenious Dutch profanity. On his way to Mayotta he fell in with Captain Bowen, of the pirate ship *Speedy Return,* of thirty guns, and communicated to him the contumely to which a "Gentleman of the Seas" had been subjected. Bowen promised to avenge the insult to their honorable craft, and accordingly anchored in the dusk of the next evening within hail of the irascible burgher. The *Speedy Return* was a small ship for her armament and crew, and this, with her suspicious appearance, determined the Dutchman once more to exhibit the bold front that he could assume when there seemed to be no danger in it. Accordingly he went to the rail and bawled over the quiet waters, "Vot sheep is dot, and vy for you don'd git oud to onced?"

"This is his Majesty's cruiser *Haystack,*" came the unruffled response, in Bowen's clear voice. "She has three decks and no bottom, and sails four miles to leeward and one ahead. Want to race?"

"Vot sheep is dot, and none of your tom-foolishness?" roared the Teuton, purple with rage.

"This is the *Flying Dutchman,* Captain Vanderdecken, and the crew's all ghosts," replied the pirate, in high glee. "Come aboard and cheer up our spirits."

This was too much. The Dutchman mounted the rail and shrieked, hoarsely, "I now asks you der last time for, vot sheep you is, vere you vrom, and vot you to do goin' about to be?"

"This is the ship *Speedy Return,"* sang out Bowen, *"from the seas,* and I'm goin' to fire a salute."

The pirate then gave the word, and his ship roared out a broadside that shivered the Dutchman's rail, smashed his boats, and carried away his spanker-boom. The merchantman waited no longer, but slipped his cable and made off to sea, leaving the greater part of his cargo ashore, where it was promptly gathered in by the thrifty buccaneers.

Bowen now made sail for Mayotta, where he joined the *Prosperous,* and the two ships sailed together for the East Indies. After some successes there they returned by separate routes to Madagascar, for the purpose of revictualling and refitting, agreeing to meet again at St.

John's and lie in wait for the Moorish fleet. They did this, and one of the Moors fell a prize to Bowen, but Howard did not come up with them till they were anchored at the bay of Surat, where they waited to lighten.

Howard came up among them slowly, under shortened sail, and as he concealed his men and kept his ports closed, they took him for an English East-Indiaman and suffered him to approach. Howard suddenly attacked the largest vessel, and after a desperate fight, in which he lost thirty men, carried her by boarding.

On this vessel was a nobleman belonging to the court of the Great Mogul. The prize itself was immensely valuable, and the nobleman's ransom amounted to twenty thousand pounds, so by his time Howard's fortune was well assured. He then ran down to Malabar, where he met Bowen and his prize, a fine, stout ship of sixty guns. The two captains with their quartermasters held a consultation (on the night of their meeting) in the cabin of the *Speedy Return,* and their future plans were decided upon over a rich banquet provided from the stores of the prizes.

The *Prosperous* they sank and the *Speedy Return* they burned, and in Bowen's prize they continued their depredations, the two crews being joined together. This made Howard's

ninth change of vessels since he had taken to piracy.

As they cruised down the coast of Madagascar they came in sight of Howard's old haven, where he had buried his treasure. He became seized with a desire for shore life, and with those of his men who had lived there before with him, and with their share of the recent booty, he went back to his old stamping-ground to settle down. He was received with open arms by his old friends among the natives; he married a Malagasy woman, and for a long time lived quietly and peaceably, shooting, fishing, watching his herds, and cultivating his fields.

A missionary who was shipwrecked on the coast about a year after Howard's return worked on the pirate's soft heart so successfully that before being taken home on a trading-vessel that put in for water he had brought the gallant buccaneer into the close folds of the Roman Catholic Church and to a full realization of his unusually sinful state. After the missionary's departure Howard missed the theological discourse and dispute that had whiled away many a tropic twilight, and he knew not where to turn for an outlet of his intellectual activities. Finally the bright idea struck him that it would be both pleasing and

beneficial to evangelize the natives. In a fit of religious enthusiasm he proceeded to this work with his usual prodigal hand. Unfortunately for himself, he used a club in the process, and this, coupled with his brutal treatment of his wife, made him unpopular among the Malagasy.

One night the docile aborigines fell upon him while he was asleep in his hammock, and left mementos of their presence in the shape of thirty-seven assagais stuck decoratively in various parts of his body. When found he was very dead, and thus terminated the earthly career of a treacherous and unworthy ruffian, whose only claims to our consideration were his good seamanship and Anglo-Saxon pluck.

XVI

TEW, OF RHODE ISLAND

A Fighter from the Seas

ON a lovely morning in the early part of the eighteenth century two vessels might have been seen approaching each other at that point where the northern waters of the Mozambique Channel mingle with those of the Indian Ocean. The day was mild and the wind light and variable. The ships rolled lazily on the languid swell, and a couple of leagues to the south and east of them the low, green shores of Madagascar were dimly visible.

As the vessels drew near to each other the smaller of the two, a large brig-sloop with raking masts and a narrow, speedy-looking hull, put down her helm, rounded into the wind, and ran the black flag up to her main peak. The other, a trim and sturdy ship-rigged craft, with something of a man-of-war look about her lofty spars and graceful lines, seemed little perturbed by this significant display of the pirate emblem. She hove to, however, and the two

vessels lay rolling idly on the blue water a long musket-shot apart.

Before the sloop had time for any further demonstration one of the ship's quarter-boats was lowered and brought to the starboard gangway, and into her stepped a spare, dark, wiry-looking man of medium height, evidently the Captain. The boat shoved off and made for the sloop, the Captain steering, and the crew pulling with the long, regular stroke of man-of-war's men.

So far the ship had displayed no colors, and the peculiar nonchalance with which her crew had behaved towards the pirates excited the latter's marked apprehension. Could she be a public ship in disguise? If so, then farewell to the buccaneer's hopes of brave booty in the Indian seas, for the wind had fallen and the vessels were drifting nearer together.

The dark man seized the life-lines as they were extended to him from the pirates' gangway, and climbed up the ladder with catlike agility.

"What ship is this?" he asked, curtly, ignoring the crew that pressed ominously about him, and addressing himself to a tall man of quiet but commanding appearance who stepped forward to meet him.

"This is the sloop *Hope,* sir, and I am her commander, Thomas Tew, at your service."

"And I am Captain Misson of the ship *Victoire,* lately of his French Majesty's service, but now from the seas."

The expression "from the seas" at once allayed the fears of Tew's pirates, for the buccaneers of that day thus characterized themselves in their answering hails.

The crew went about their duty, and the two captains entered the cabin, where they began a friendly conversation, and informed each other of their respective histories.

It seemed that Mr. Richier, the Governor of Bermuda, had fitted out two sloops on the privateer account, one commanded by Captain George Drew, and the other by Thomas Tew. They were instructed to make their way to the river Gambia, in Africa, and to attempt the taking of the French factory of Goree on that coast. The vessels sailed together and kept company for some time, but, a violent storm coming up, Drew sprung his mast and they lost each other.

Tew, separated from his consort, thought of providing for his future with one bold stroke. Accordingly he summoned his crew to the mast, and addressed them upon the subject of his plans.

He told them that they were afloat in a fine craft bent upon a dangerous mission, with no prospect of advantage for themselves, but only for their employers. That he was little inclined to risk his health and his life except for some great personal gain, and finally he proposed bluntly that they should throw off their allegiance to Governor Richier, and go "on the account," as piracy was called in those days.

The crew listened eagerly, and at the conclusion of his speech sung out as one man:

"A gold chain or a wooden leg. We'll stand by you, Captain."

Tew then made sail for and doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and as he entered the Red Sea on his cruise northward came up with a ship bound from the Indies to Arabia. She was richly laden, and carried three hundred soldiers to aid the crew in defending her cargo; but, notwithstanding her superior force, the pirates carried her with a dash, and shared fifteen thousand dollars a man in plunder. They then stood down the coast towards Madagascar, and the *Victoire* was the first ship they had sighted since leaving their prize.

Misson listened with interest to Captain Tew's story, and then gave him a brief account of his own adventures. He said that, having gone to sea as a sub-officer on the ship *Victoire*

of the French royal service, he had participated in an engagement with an English man-of-war; that all his superior officers had been killed in the action, and that he had assumed command and sunk the Briton; and that after this his crew had requested him to retain command and go "on the account" for himself. He confessed that he had willingly acted upon their suggestion, had made several prizes, and established a colony on a bay to the northward of Diego Suariez, on the island of Madagascar. He informed Tew further that he was much impressed with the courage with which the *Hope* had borne down to engage a vessel so much her superior in size and strength as the *Victoire,* and that, as he could not have too many resolute fellows as his allies, he would be glad to join forces with Tew's men.

Tew answered that before entering into an alliance with Misson he would prefer to examine the workings of the latter's colony. Misson agreed to this, and the *Victoire* and the *Hope* sailed in company for Libertaita, as Misson called his new republic.

Just at sunrise the two ships passed between the fortified headlands that guarded the entrance to the pirate stronghold, and Tew, standing on his quarter-deck and following the motions of the *Victoire,* was astonished at the

strength of the harbor he entered, and the discipline that seemed to prevail there.

With the timbers and guns of captured ships Misson had constructed and armed two powerful forts which stood on the headlands at the entrance to the harbor. On a little island, where the channel branched, a brown earthwork pointed ten heavy cannon so as to rake the seaward approaches, and far back of it, on the edge of the bay, the walls and roofs of a fortified town reared themselves orderly amid the green of the tropical foliage. Everywhere was the appearance of industry and discipline. On a beach near the town a group of sailors was engaged careening a small brig to scrape the sea-growths from her sides, another party was filling water-casks at a well-constructed reservoir, and the rattling of echoes of carpenters' hammers came from a couple of storehouses in process of construction near the water's edge. From a citadel in the centre of the town and from flag-staffs erected on both forts and the water-battery the flag of Libertaita fluttered in the breeze, vigilant sentries walked the ramparts with military tread, and as the *Victoire* and the *Hope* let go their anchors in the gentle ground-swell of the harbor, a battery of eighteen-pounders roared out a welcome of nine guns.

Tew was charmed with the appearance of the place, and upon going ashore with Misson had his favorable impressions strengthened and confirmed. The captains were received with great respect by Caraccioli, Misson's lieutenant, who admired not a little the courage that Tew had displayed in capturing his prize and in giving chase to Misson.

The colony at this time was peopled by over one thousand men, many of them having been captured by Misson in his prizes. Of these three hundred had taken on with him, one hundred were natives of the island of Mohilla, with whose queen Misson had formed a matrimonial and political alliance, and the remainder were prisoners whom Misson intended to send to their homes, and whom he employed in the mean time as laborers around his fortifications.

The day after the arrival of the captains at Libertaita a formal council was held. Tew promptly expressed his willingness to join forces with Misson, and was made second in command.

The question of the disposition of Misson's numerous prisoners was brought up at once. It was decided to tell them that Misson had formed an alliance with a prince of the natives, and to propose to them that they should either

assist the new colony or be sent up the country as prisoners. On this decision being imparted to them, seventy-three of the prisoners took on, and the remainder desired that they be given any other fate than that of being sent up into the wild and savage interior; so one hundred and seventeen of them were set to work upon a dock near the mouth of the harbor, and the other prisoners, lest they should revolt, were forbidden, under pain of death, to pass certain prescribed bounds. The *Hope* lay in the harbor as a guard-ship, and the Johanna men were armed and put on patrol duty; but while the pirates were providing for their protection they did not forget their support, and large quantities of Indian and European corn and other grain were sowed in the fertile fields of Libertaita.

Soon after this it was decided to send away the prisoners, as they were too much of a burden for the infant colony. They were accordingly summoned before the captains and told that they were to be set at liberty. Misson informed them that he knew the consequence of giving them freedom; that he expected to be attacked as soon as the place of his retreat was known, and had it in his hands to avoid further trouble by putting them all to death; but that Captain Tew had agreed with him to practise

humanity, and that they were to have their property restored to them, and were to sail for a friendly coast the next morning in a ship that was well provisioned but unarmed. All he asked was that they should never serve against him. An oath to this effect was cheerfully taken, and away the prisoners sailed to the nearest European settlement.

When they had gone Misson returned to the work of improving his town, and gave the command of his ship, the *Victoire,* to Tew, who, with one hundred and sixty picked fellows, set out to sweep the seas. He sailed down the wind to the coast of Zanzibar, and off Quiloa made up to a large ship which backed her maintopsail and laid by for him. Tew engaged her for four hours, losing many men, but finding her a Portuguese public ship of fifty guns and three hundred men, much more than a match for the little *Victoire,* he attempted to make off. The *Victoire,* however, was so foul from her long service that she could not show her customary clean pair of heels, and the stranger, proving fast and weatherly, drew up with her. The Portuguese Captain, a gallant officer of great height and herculean strength, lay alongside the *Victoire* and boarded her at the head of his men; but the pirates, not used to being attacked, and expecting no quarter, made so des-

perate a resistance that they not only drove back the enemy with loss, but were enabled to board in their turn. At first only a few followed the Portuguese as they leaped back into their own ship; but Tew, perceiving the desperate resolution of these, sang out, "Follow me, lads!" and sprang over his enemy's rail. The Portuguese opposed the pirates firmly for a time, but to Tew's cry, "She's our own! Board her! Board her!" his men replied in continually augmenting numbers, and drove the defenders back to the main-hatch. Here a bloody conflict ensued, for the Portuguese Captain fought in the front rank of his men, and with voice and example encouraged them to combat. Seeing this, Tew rushed forward to meet him, and the two captains crossed swords with equal bravery. The crews paused to observe the duel, and watched with fiercely excited eyes the flashing sabres and shifting poises of their champions. The Portuguese had a longer reach, and was much taller and stronger than the pirate, but the latter had the agility of a panther, and was noted as one of the best swordsmen of his day. Time and again the Portuguese made a dash against his adversary with point or blade, only to be met with an accurate parry or a quick return stroke that forced him backward nearer and nearer to the open hatch. Finally Tew

parried a furious lunge and delivered his terrible return stroke on the neck of the Portuguese, who threw up his hands and fell backward down the hatch. This ended the fight, and the crew of the public ship called for quarter.

With his rich prize, which yielded him one hundred thousand pounds in Spanish gold, Tew put back to port, where, notwithstanding his severe loss, his courage and dash were loudly acclaimed by the colony. Caraccioli persuaded two hundred and ten of the Portuguese to join the Libertaitans, and among them, to Misson's great pleasure, was found a school-master, whose services he at once devoted to the instruction of his negroes.

Two sloops of eighty tons each had been built in a creek, and when they were finished they were armed with eight guns apiece out of a Dutch prize, and sent on a trial trip. They proved to be fast, weatherly vessels, and on their return from their first trip to sea Misson proposed to send them out on a voyage of survey to lay down a chart of the shoals and deep water around the coast of Madagascar. As Tew was an excellent navigator he was given command of the expedition and one of the sloops, while the school-master, who proved to be a good seaman and skilful surveyor, commanded the other. The sloops were manned with a crew

of fifty blacks and fifty whites each, and their four months' voyage enabled the negroes not only to learn how to handle the boarding-pike, but, as they were anxious to learn and be useful, to pick up a fair knowledge of French and seamanship. They returned with an excellent chart and three prizes. Misson now determined to make a foray in force, and, dividing five hundred men, white and black, between the *Victoire* and the *Hope,* he and Tew set out for the high seas; of course a strong force was left behind as a garrison.

Off the coast of Arabia Felix they fell in with a ship of one hundred and ten guns belonging to the Great Mogul. This ship carried a crew of seven hundred men and nine hundred passengers, and towered monstrously above the low sides of the pirate vessels; but Tew on the starboard quarter and Misson on the port bore up gallantly, and engaged her. To the opening broadsides of the pirates she thundered an awful response. Soon the wind died out, and thick clouds of smoke lay motionless on the water; under its cover Tew brought the little *Hope* alongside, and, with his cutlass between his teeth and his pistol in his hand, clambered up the lofty side. He had barely reached the rail when he was severely wounded and knocked overboard with a pike-thrust. However, he

soon came to the surface, and managed, at the head of a few of his men, to enter one of his enemy's lower-deck ports. In the mean time Misson had boarded the Mussulman on the port quarter, and a hand-to-hand fight was going on over the rail. Misson was hard pressed by numbers when Tew appeared from the fore-hatch. One glance at this murderous-looking figure, with bloody and smoke grimed garments, rushing at them sword in hand from behind, was enough for the Mussulmans, and with a wild shriek of "Allah!" they broke and fled down the hatches, leaving the pirates in possession.

This proved a most valuable capture, as over one million pounds, besides many rich silks, spices, valuable carpets, and diamonds were stored in the prize's hold and strong-boxes.

The prisoners were landed at a point between Ain and Aden, and the captured ship brought back to Libertaita, where, as she had proved a slow and unwieldly craft, she was taken to pieces. Her cordage and knee-timbers were preserved with all the bolts, eyes, chains, and other iron-work, and her guns were used in two strong water-batteries as an additional support to the forts on the headlands.

The colony was now in prime condition; a number of acres had been enclosed, and af-

forded pasturage for three hundred head of cattle—a purchase from the natives, who had begun to manifest a most friendly spirit—the grain was ripening finely, the store-houses and magazines were well under way, and the dock was finished.

As the *Victoire* was foul from long service and very loose from recent storms, she was docked and practically rebuilt. When she was floated again she was provisioned for a long cruise, and was about to set out for the Guinea coast when one of the sloops came in, schooner-rigged, with the news that she had been driven to port by five lofty ships, Portuguese, of fifty guns each and full of men.

The alarm was given, the forts and batteries manned, and the men put under arms. Tew was given command of the English and Portuguese, while Misson directed the French and one hundred disciplined negroes. Slowly and majestically the fleet swept on towards the pirate stronghold; as they came within easy gunshot Tew leaped to the side of his water-battery, and with both arms outstretched stood waving in one hand the black flag, and in the other the banner of Libertaita, with its white albatross on a blue field. A storm of solid shot greeted the daring figure, but he leaped down unharmed, as battery after battery and fort after

fort opened with a steady roar against the invader. The Portuguese dashed by the forts triumphantly, but wavered as they came under the fire at close range of the heavy guns of the water-batteries. They had thought to carry all before them with one bold dash, and after passing the headlands had deemed victory assured, but here they were in a hornets' nest. Under the dreadful fire from Tew's and Misson's skilful gunners two of the Portuguese vessels were speedily sunk. The others turned to flee; but they were not to get off so easily. No sooner were they clear of the forts than the pirates manned both ships and sloops, gave them chase, and engaged them in the open sea. The Portuguese defended themselves gallantly, and one of them, which was attacked by the two sloops, beat off the Libertaitans twice; two made a running fight and got off, and the third was left to shift as she could. This last, a fifty-gun ship of three hundred and twenty men, defended herself till the greater number of her crew were killed. Finally, finding that she was left to an unequal fight, she asked for quarter, and good quarter was given. Thus ended Admiral X's "holiday jaunt to wipe out a nest of pirates," as the Portuguese Commander-in-Chief had described his expedition in advance.

None of the prisoners were plundered, but,

on the contrary, the pirate captains invited to their table the officers of the captured ship, and congratulated them upon their courage and ability.

For some months after this nothing occurred to interrupt the quiet of the colony. Finally, wearying of inactivity, Tew took the *Victoire* and three hundred men and sailed in search of prizes. Sixty miles from Libertaita he found a strange colony of buccaneers. The ship hove to and the Captain went ashore alone to make the acquaintance of the strangers. While he was absent from the ship a great gale rose and blew the *Victoire* ashore on a dangerous reef; she went down before his eyes, carrying with her every man of the crew.

This was not the end of misfortune, for a few nights afterwards the two Libertaitan sloops appeared, and from one of them Misson came ashore with disastrous news. The same night that the *Victoire* went down the natives had risen and destroyed Libertaita; Misson had saved a quantity of diamonds and bar gold, and fled in the sloops with the remnant of his band; they were now without a ship and without a haven.

The plunder and the men were equally divided between the sloops, and the two captains sailed in company for the coast of America.

Misson's vessel went down with all hands in a gale off Cape Infantes, but Tew made a peaceful voyage to the British colonies. He settled in Rhode Island, dispersed his crew, and lived for a time unquestioned with his wealth. He might have reached an honored old age, with nothing to recall the memories of his past, but at the end of a few years he was persuaded to go once more "on the account." In the Red Sea he engaged a ship of the Great Mogul, vastly his superior in size and armament. During the action Tew received a mortal wound, but fought on as long as he could stand. When he fell his men became terrified, and suffered themselves to be taken without resistance. They were all hanged; and so ended the last of the Libertaitans.

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